JOHN BULL, week ending April 3, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1920

3D EVERY THURSDAY

LET THE PEOPLE TALK! By The EDITOR

'GHOSTS' WHO BLUFFED HITLER

CASABLANCA HAS BEGUN by A. G. G.

Tailoring under difficulties

It is perfectly amazing—and very gratifying—to see how the tremendous difficulties which descended on the tailoring trade at the outbreak of war have been overcome. Who would have thought that after three years of war, a man could still have 200 patterns to choose from, that such good cloth would still be available and enough skilled tailors to make it up into smart suits — made to measure. And yet that is what you can get—today—at any branch of the Fifty Shilling Tailors . . . . a well tailored suit, made from the best cloth now being manufactured under Government regulation and delivered to you on time for 95/- (instead of £5 3s. 5d. which is the top price allowed). All our energies since the war have been directed towards maintaining a reliable tailoring service for our customers — and we have succeeded.

We Take Care of the Customer

The FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS (Props.: Prices Tailors Ltd.)

OVER 350 BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES & TOWNS

"I do a big wash *every week* with half as much soap"

'I WONDER IF I'M GETTING THE BEST OUT OF MY SOAP RATION!'
BEFORE USING MAZO
'NOW THAT I ADD MAZO MY SOAP GOES TWICE AS FAR!'
AFTER USING MAZO

MAZO will help you get more out of your soap ration. Mazo has a really astonishing way of making soap go further. That is because soap plus *Mazo* gives the most active, lively suds you can have — suds that are extra cleansing, extra powerful — suds that seek out dirt in double quick time and save all hard rubbing.

You can use Mazo with all soap—bar, flakes and powder—and for all kinds of materials. Although it washes so swiftly and efficiently Mazo is harmless. The daintiest and finest garment that is safe in soap and water is just as safe when Mazo is added.

Get the extra cleansing energy from your soap ration by using MAZO soap energizing tablets

THREE 3d PACKETS, EACH OF 5 TABLETS, FOR 1 COUPON

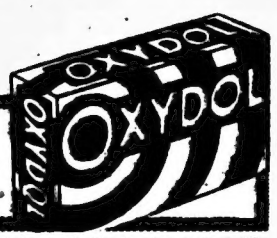
MZ 87-541 T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., STRATFORD, E.15

BUSY BUBBLE'S HELPING HAND

UP TO TWICE AS MUCH

Think of the wonderful saving in your soap ration ... when Oxydol 'Busy Bubbles' do up to *twice as much washing per coupon!* Not only that ... clothes come sparkling clean: not a speck of dirt is left! And, because Oxydol is so safe, so *easy* on clothes—you save clothes coupons; clothes washed in Oxydol's famous 'Busy Bubble' lather last so much longer.

3½d. size 1 coupon: 7d. size 2 coupons.
A Class 1 Product. At your shop.



REMEMBER This is the fourth week of Ration Period No. 9 (Mar. 28 - Apr. 3)

DON'T FORGET to read Mrs. Mundy's Helping Hand. It's on the back of your packet of Oxydol.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

What do I do...

with waste kitchen scraps?

I remember that in even a small quantity of kitchen scraps there is good feeding for pigs and poultry.

So I put aside all scraps that I cannot use for food and place them in a clean container ready for the Salvage Collector when he calls, or in one of the special Kitchen Waste Bins on the footways, if these are provided by the Local Council.

I remember that I am saving shipping every time I save scraps that would otherwise be wasted.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

This meal-time drink is a food as well

Your family's regular meal-time drink can be a good body-building, energy-giving food — Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
makes every meal go further

Men are funny that way

They give glamour the go-by ... if a girl is guilty of Oral Offence. So play safe! Use Colgate Dental Cream—the toothpaste that keeps your teeth sparkling and your mouth fragrant.

Oral Offence, the embarrassing result of neglecting to keep your mouth fragrant by failing to keep your teeth spotless. Its main cause is decaying food particles between the teeth. *Scientific tests prove that in 7 cases out of 10 Colgate Dental Cream ends Oral Offence—instantly!*—

Play Safe! **USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY**

The largest tube at the price. 1/1—*Including Tax*

Why Not Get A Lovely COMPLEXION

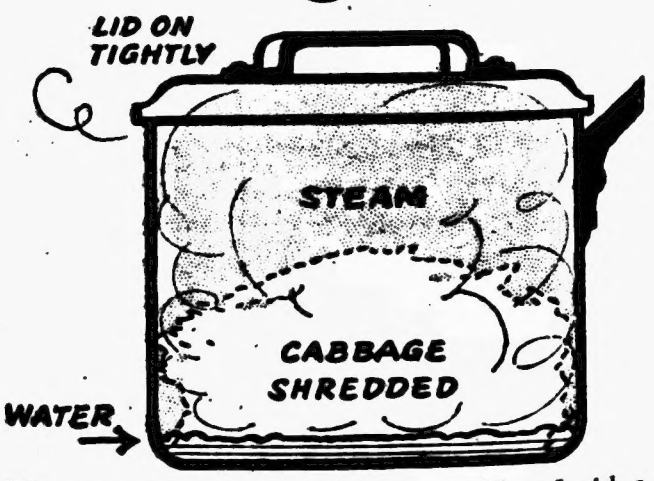
THE first essential of personal charm is a skin without blemish, a complexion which reflects that perfect "inner health" which nightly Bile Beans bring. Cleansing the blood-stream of harmful toxins, toning up digestion and improving your appearance and vitality, these fine vegetable pills provide the very foundation of personal charm.

So, for radiant health and a lovely complexion start taking Bile Beans—one or two nightly.

BILE BEANS

MF FOOD FACTS

The right way to cook greens



The *correct* way to cook greens: *Shred* with a sharp knife. Put just enough water into saucepan to cover the bottom—bring to boil and put in greens. Cook for only 10 to 15 minutes with the lid on. Shake pan once or twice while boiling. This method preserves the flavour and the Vitamin C, and keeps greens crisp.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 142

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 3, 1943.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Never Again

● **Take it as certain—THERE WILL BE NO "COUPON" ELECTION.**

That Mr. Winston Churchill is emphatically against the idea he has made clear to his friends.

Indeed, no one fought more vigorously than he against Mr. Lloyd George's "coupon" election at the end of the last war.

The Labour Party is just as determinedly opposed to a General Election to continue the coalition into peace time, which, for the benefit of people who do not remember 1918, is what a "coupon" election is.

And there is little likelihood of it favouring a "National Government comprising the best men of all Parties who are willing to serve," mentioned by Mr Churchill in his recent broadcast, but which, he has since indicated, he does not favour personally.

The Liberals have always regarded as a blow at the heart of Liberalism that election, which certainly gave us the worst House of Commons of this century.

Finally, the Labour Party may be expected to press for a more positive interpretation of the Electoral Truce and the elimination of the Joint Letter to Candidates at By-Elections which closely resembles the "Coupon."

Straight from the Shoulder

IT'S NO EASY PATH

THE closing phases of the Tunisian struggle will be bitter indeed.

At the outset General Montgomery predicted that the cost of victory would not be light, and already we have had to face inevitable losses in men and material.

Our Predominance

But the enemy's losses have been high, too, and he is not so well backed where reserves and replacements are concerned.

Set-backs may be expected as the ordinary ebb and flow of warfare. The decisive battle is the one now being fought by the Eighth Army.

Our arms superiority—especially in aircraft—makes the ultimate result certain.

Only a Start

All the same, as A. G. Gardiner points out on another page, the Tunisian episode is no more than the beginning.

It is an essential prelude to far vaster assaults upon the enemy by the combined forces of the United Nations.

And these assaults will open the way for the ultimate defeat of the Axis in Europe.

Co-operation

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Tunisian campaign is the fact that it has given United Nations' forces their first chance of fighting jointly in big-scale operations.

The Americans and the French, with our own First and Eighth Armies, the Navy and the United Nations flyers, are all showing how well they can co-operate in action.

It is a full-dress "rehearsal" from which far more valuable lessons will be learned than were afforded by the recent Spartan manœuvres.

More Scope

Bigger chances will soon present themselves. And as new fronts open up, fighting men of all the United Nations will be entering the struggle.

Meanwhile, in Europe, Hitler's boast that the Russian front is stabilised suggests wishful thinking on his part.

Our Allies are hitting back vigorously on the Donetz and the threat to Smolensk is increasing daily.

Showing His Hand!

Can it be that the Nazis' plans are revealed in Hitler's confident assurance to his people?

Does Germany *hope* to hold on to what she has, fighting defensively, without attempting to launch any more big offensives in Russia?

This theory was advanced just before the Russians launched their smashing winter offensive. Now it is again gaining currency.

Not Likely

One thing is certain. There will be no "stabilisation" of the Russian front so long as our Allies have the means to fight.

But the sufferings of their brave people have gone on without respite for a long while now. Their achievements under the stress of prolonged ordeals are miraculous.

Everything possible should be done to advance the time-table agreed upon at Casablanca and so ease their burdens at the earliest.

Shipping Snag

Shipping has, of course, always been a governing factor. So long as the Mediterranean is closed to us we must dissipate tonnage and naval and air protection over the long Cape route.

Once we have full command of the Mediterranean the picture will be reversed and forces will be released for more concentrated attacks on U-boats.

Blows Continue

Blows of no light weight are falling upon the enemy in the West, as the R.A.F. and American flyers keep up their relentless round-the-clock offensive.

So far the enemy refuses to be goaded into anything but a token retaliation. Our Civil Defence should not be lulled into complacency. We must be ready for harder blows in return.

Air Mastery

The *Luftwaffe* chiefs cannot fail to read the writing on the wall.

The recent daylight raids on Vegesack and Wilhelmshaven, in which 80 enemy fighters were destroyed, shows where mastery lies.

Against this, weigh the loss of only five machines of the attacking forces of Fortresses and Liberators which successfully bombed U-boat yards and naval base.

Nazi Dilemma

All along the Western seaboard, and particularly in France, the Nazis are working feverishly to extend their defensive precautions against invasion.

But so many forms of attack are possible that they are forced to deploy their strength.

They must prepare for attack from the sea at scores of points; they must expect airborne assault in a hundred possible quarters; they must be ever vigilant against organised sabotage in all or any of the occupied countries.

At Sea

Whatever new fronts may be impending, we may certainly expect an intensified U-boat campaign in which many new tricks will be tried.

We have had a long period of successes and have reinforced our Mediterranean armies with well over 1,000,000 tons of stores and 500,000 men with only a minimum of opposition.

Now the indications are that the enemy has been preparing throughout March for an all-out assault on our sea lanes to N. Africa.

Desperate

Be sure he will stick at nothing. He has a monster fleet of 500 U-boats with which he will gamble without any qualms about losses.

No doubt he will make much bigger use of his long-range bombers to harass our convoys. He has plenty and, again, will risk big losses.

Though experience shows that their actual bombing is not very effective, their main object will be to divert attention and so make it easier for U-boats to slip past our escort vessels.

Improved Defences

Radiolocation is strengthening our defences. Our warships and aircraft can now detect U-boats on the darkest nights when they surface to recharge their batteries.

So more and more attacks are likely to be made in daylight, when increased visibility aids the attacker.

Admiral's Order

A supreme effort has been ordered by Admiral Doenitz. New tactics have already been tried out and we may expect a maximum offensive in the next eight weeks.

Coastal Command patrols will be kept busier than ever, particularly in the area of the Bay of Biscay. Months ago JOHN BULL stressed the need for more long-range aircraft for this purpose. Now this need has been echoed in the House of Lords.

The position is improving, but not quickly enough.

Political Unity

While we await full united action in the field we must not lose any opportunity of building up political and economic unity.

For that reason we applaud Mr. Eden's active endeavours on the other side of the Atlantic. They are timely and full of portent.

Significant

His personal contact with his opposite number, Mr. Cordell Hull, will have helped to smooth out many questions of policy between our two countries.

And it is a good omen that representatives of India and the Dominions have already participated in preliminary talks.

World-Wide

Remember that one official purpose of his mission is to discuss "the most effective methods of preparing for meetings between the Governments of all the United Nations to consider questions arising out of the war."

Close consultation—so much easier thanks to air travel—should not be confined to war topics.

We must learn to think of it as a normal and natural procedure between Ministers of every country.

A Real Foundation

We must think internationally of *all* our problems—Finance, Trade, Raw Materials, Economic Resources and Distribution generally.

The Atlantic Charter provides a foundation on which all the nations of the world can, if they choose, build wisely and well.

Silence Ending

Here in Britain we have much rebuilding to do. Last week we told of the ominous silence which had fallen upon the new Ministry of Town and Country Planning. Now we learn the silence is to be broken.

Mr. W. S. Morrison intends to introduce a Bill based partly upon the Uthwatt Report. This is good news.

What is Needed

Just how far this Bill will go we cannot predict. It is to be hoped that it will enable national reconstruction to be more specifically planned, even if the actual work has to be deferred.

At the same time we must realise that no individual country can plan any adequate domestic programme until the whole world is in step.

(Continued overleaf)

"AT A TIME WHEN IT IS MOST NEEDED"—

So writes Mrs. C. F. Warner, of Colchester, in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull." Mrs. Warner was, in her own words, "doing the usual housework" when a sneak raider dropped bombs without warning and she sustained injuries involving the loss of her right eye.

"John Bull" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MEANWHILE, the enemies of Progress are busy on our Home Front.

They are using delaying tactics not only at the expense of Beveridge reform but long-promised and well-overdue legislation as well.

For instance, what has happened to the new Education Bill promised in the King's Speech?

Wrangling

It would be wrong to put the blame for the long silence on the Board of Education, which has been holding almost daily conferences with the various interests concerned.

Chief difficulty is the Board's failure to resolve religious difficulties.

Never since the stormy days of Dr. Clifford have the churches—and we are not impugning one denomination alone—stood so obstinately and determinedly in the way of educational reform.

Reform Coming

It isn't good enough that the welfare of the children should be impeded by the quarrels of the older generations—and it is monstrous when it is done in the name of religion.

But we hear that the reforms the Government are determined on are an increase of school-age to 15 at an early date, 16 when the schools can be built or extended, with a plan to bring into the teaching profession many thousands of suitable young men at present fighting for their country.

Seeing It Through

But there's disappointment ahead for the people who are trying to wreck, emasculate or obstruct the Catering Bill.

The Government is determined to see it through at all costs. Workers in a vast industry are no longer going to live on a pin-money wage plus coppers under the plates.

Lost Vitamins

But one of the worst Home Front scandals of the moment is that of vegetable distribution.

While the public is eating about half the greenstuff necessary to good health, farmers plough in their cabbages as green manure because they can get no sort of price for them!

A Sussex reader tells us of local children who, asking a farmer for surplus cabbages, were shoo-ed away, he having the totally erroneous idea that even to give them away in these days of retailers' licences would be to break the law!

Distribution to Blame

Now the grower does not bury his cabbages for the sheer joy of seeing people go hungry.

He himself is one of the chain of victims of a thoroughly bad distributive system under which mountains of vegetables—the best of the nation's crop and the worst alike—descend on the wholesale markets at times of glut.

The consumer does not get the full benefit of this plenitude because the shopkeeper, afraid that much of it will perish, will buy no more than his normal daily needs.

And, much being left on the market unsold, the farmer fetches out the plough!

Wanted: Master Hand

We give full points for a suggestion that there should be an intelligence service to control the flow of vegetables to market.

At times of plenty the best should be sent. Not so much that growers sell at a loss. Not so little that the full demand cannot be met.

At times of shortage the fullest and fairest use could be made of what supplies are available.

Footing the Bill

Not only in this trade but in industry generally the sins and omissions of the distributing trades are too rarely noticed.

Listen to an average group which, talking about the need for bigger and better social services, discusses where the money is to come from.

Says one man: "Manufacturers will have to cut their costs." Another: "Things will cost more." The gloomiest and silliest: "It will mean lower wages."

All too few spot what can be achieved by dint of vast improvements in distributing methods.

Distributors Can Help

Mr. Samuel Courtauld—one of our best-known manufacturers — knows, points out that, generally speaking, about half the price paid for things by the consumer goes to the distributors.

Out of his half the manufacturer has to pay for advertising and salesmanship.

He says manufacturers have been striving for years to reduce production costs, with conspicuous success, *but the costs of distribution have gone on rising.*

We Can't Afford to Starve

If every branch of our national life plays its part—and its fair part—there will be no question of our being unable to afford to give the masses a better deal.

Little Women

In the recent debate on youth problems initiated in the House of Lords by Lord Southwood, it was shown that youth, in war time, is often asked to work incredibly long hours.

Girls are much more hard-hit than their brothers, because they are so often expected to turn immediately to domestic work when they have reached home tired out.

So we are glad to hear that the authorities have turned their attention to this scandal, and that thousands of little mothers, who can just see no end to work, look like having a better time.

About Time

And let us hope that better days are dawning for war pensioner victims of a parsimonious Ministry of Pensions.

JOHN BULL was the first journal to advocate the setting up of Pensions Appeals Tribunals to enable drastic wrongs to be righted.

Now—although not for a few months—we are to have them.

And after that touching pensions debate in the House of Commons it could hardly be otherwise.

Shabby

But surely such tribunals could be set up within a few weeks! Surely it can be done without the appointment of committees and sub-committees to "explore"!

Surely, too, the scales of all disability pensions could be increased forthwith.

They are scandalously, shabbily low.

Means Tests for Mothers

There are injuries for which you get less pension in this war than in the last.

And there is no automatic pension for a mother whose boy is killed. She is means-tested.

On top of which there is no official foot-rule, by means of which a mother's right to pension can be properly measured. The Ministry cannot even say by what reasoning—if there is any—it reaches its decision.

What Will He Do!

Alvar Liddell has joined the R.A.F. as an A.C.2.

We don't suppose he complains.

But many letters smuggled out of occupied countries show that Alvar Liddell's name is a household word among the oppressed of Europe.

One wonders whether he will be found a job half so important as the one he has just left.

Sleepless Nights

Life becomes tougher for the fewer news announcers who are left.

Frederick Allen—he's fifty odd—exhausted after reading the 9 p.m. news the other night, was reading again at midnight, again at 7 and 8 the next morning.

And, lest you imagine that announcers turn up only when there's home news to be read, he was nearing the end of 48 hours' continuous duty in a tiny underground studio with no more than six hours' sleep the whole time.

Clear, Vital

We are not concerned with whether individual news announcers should be in uniform or out of it.

In our view the voices that the world hears as the voice of Britain should be clear, strong, vital, brimming with the nation's confidence in ultimate victory.

And you don't hear such voices so often now.

One-Eyed!

From a Wiltshire village we received a letter alleging that a one-eyed man, a father of five small children, had been called up for the Army!

Just as we were taking steps to verify it, a letter from a one-eyed soldier—the other eye is only six-twelfths efficient with the aid of glasses!—was put into our hands.

Country Walks

"I am a Yorkshire son of the soil, was brought up on a farm," he writes.

"I was left behind when my unit went abroad.

"I've done nothing since, and am allowed to take walks in the afternoon.

"But the Army refuses to let me use that time helping local farmers."

As we asked of Alvar Liddell—what should that man's war work be?

Decorators

And members of an L.N.E.R. work gang are not too pleased with their war jobs, according to a letter they write us.

They are laying new lines, which is probably essential. But they have to spend much of their time "beautifying" the track, which is certainly not.

"And that's the grouse of five other gangs in these parts," they add.

Insulting Jack

But there's a woman at Pontefract who dislikes her war job for less worthy reasons. She advertises locally:

WANTED to dispose of: Two steady sailors, or exchange for foreign stamps. —Exhausted landlady, Box 20, Guide Office, Pontefract.

We are sorry the war should be inconveniencing her!

Super-Selfishness

The number of women who escape these distressing inconveniences by adopting children is growing fast.

Adopted children are held on probation for the first three months, in case the foster-mother or the adoption society has a change of mind.

By seeking to extend the probation period, some women hope to get exemption from war work and then not be saddled with the child when the war ends—and human selfishness could scarcely reach a lower level than that!

Behind the News

- **Headquarters of Nazi military commanders and quislings have been moved farther inland. Seyss-Inquart, Hollands' Nazi governor, was first to abandon both official and private residence in view of British bombs and danger from invasion.**
- *Nazi drive to raise* 300,000 *Czechs for pioneer work in Russia has had 75 per cent. poorer result than any other German labour effort.*
- **Laval has asked Berlin for expert propagandists and spies to counter Anglo-U.S.A. broadcasts telling France to hold out against Nazi-Fascism till the day of deliverance.**
- **Secrets of Ribbentrop-Mussolini meeting are leaking out; already show all Italian man- and woman-power is now directly under German control.**
- *Man-power shortage is responsible for great drop in German aircraft production. Dislocation in Essen, after recent British raid, resulted in a new industrial evacuation drive which is holding up production of guns and tanks.*
- **Germans are moving Dutch and Norwegian fishermen (with their boats) to occupied Russian lakes and rivers in order to help out shortages caused by complete British domination of North Sea fishing grounds.**
- **Germany is trying to induce Japan to attack Russia now to ease the strain on the German armies. Japanese have snubbed Nazi envoys putting forward Hitler's demand.**
- *Jap Ambassador in Berlin, once most fêted and publicised diplomat in the German capital, is now* persona ingrata, *rarely appears in public and is absent from most official functions.*
- **Nazis have started confiscating church property in Austria, pleading that buildings and estates are needed for wounded soldiers who "suffer to save Christianity against Bolshevism."**
- **Several Spanish generals and civil leaders once violently pro-Nazi, have recently been advocating "new and better understanding" with the Allies.**
- *While Britain gets Turkish contracts for new ports, outstanding German contracts of bridges and telephone systems placed a year ago remain uncompleted. Yet, still bluffing, Berlin presses for new business.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR

LET

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

LET THE PEOPLE TALK!

NEW battles, grim and desperate, have flared up since Mr. Churchill exhorted us not to take our eyes off the ball of war.

No-one, of course, can deny the wisdom of that advice, reinforced as it has been by events which have followed so quickly on the Prime Minister's words.

Yet even now, when the struggle is rushing to its most critical phase, it would be a bleak outlook for us if we did not also keep our minds on what we are fighting for.

In fact, the two things inevitably go together, and, far from discussion of peace plans being likely to appear "unseemly" to the world, as the Premier implied, it is more likely to fortify our war efforts.

We are confident that the British people can put every ounce into helping to win the war and still discuss vigorously the shape of the new world to follow.

And healthy, frank discussion must go on, not only in this country, but throughout the United Nations, so that the plans on international lines, without which no lasting reform can be achieved, will be ready the moment victory comes.

That applies to the world blue print of post-war reconstruction, but, as *The Times* promptly emphasised after Mr. Churchill's broadcast, it will be a grave disappointment to the people in this country if no foretaste of the forthcoming reforms here in Britain can be offered even while the war lasts.

This warning has been underlined with equal frankness by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In his Lent "message" to his diocese he writes:

"Horrible as it is, we have to realise that multitudes of our people actually fear the return of peace more than the continuance of war."

What Dr. Temple means is that we must plan and act *now*, so far as is possible, to remove the fear of insecurity which has haunted so many of our people in times of peace.

MR. CHURCHILL has visualised a four-year-plan of social reform to begin on what may be the first crest of victory—the possible defeat of Germany before Japan has been conquered.

We contend that a start can be made now by at least laying the foundations of some reforms before Hitler is crushed, but how even can the Premier's scheme be ready to start at the time he tentatively fixed unless there is the fullest discussion of the ingredients beforehand?

The point is that whether or not these discussions and demands for something on account may appear "unseemly," we in Britain expect some concrete proof of the Government's good intentions.

This perfectly legitimate insistence accounts for the nation-wide disappointment at the Government's half-hearted reception of the Beveridge Report.

Nobody of sane and balanced judgment would ask the Government to make the "*rash promises*" which Mr. Churchill deprecated.

But the important qualification lies in the word "*rash*."

The good sense of the British people would resist that type of promise just as much as the Prime Minister or any member of his Cabinet.

But there are promises which, in fact, would embrace the very fundamental things we are fighting for, and which could be made without any risk of being rash.

We, the most heavily taxed population on earth, have been told repeatedly by the Chancellor of the Exchequer that there can be no limit upon war production *except the availability of man-power and material.*

Is it to be wondered that the people believe that a truth, which is fundamental to the politics of war, can be any less a truth should it be applied to the economics of peace?

On that basis, they do not admit that it would be rash to launch legislation now to ensure that social security can begin the moment some of the shackles of war are removed.

As an essential part of this human charter, there is Education Reform, which is long overdue.

Would it detract one iota from the war effort if legislation to translate this reform into law were proceeded with now?

Some aspects of it might still have to wait until we had reached that first crest of victory visualised by Mr. Churchill.

But the establishment of the basic principles would be a tremendous fillip to the country's confidence. It would spur on the war effort rather than detract from it.

And so with a dozen other projects of admittedly necessary reform.

They must *not* be frozen. They must *not* be put into cold storage until Germany has made her total surrender.

The machinery for translating them into fact must be put into working order *now*, or it will be too late.

But it is not for Great Britain to wait for any other country's lead.

On the contrary, it has been our tradition and should still be our determination to lead the world.

Churchill and Roosevelt framed the Atlantic Charter. Both of them have since re-affirmed their faith in it and our partners in the tremendous enterprise of freedom have accepted its main principles.

ALL the peoples in that great family of freedom are looking hopefully to the talks which Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, has had in the United States, and to the early linking up of Russia and China in the further discussions which must take place.

It will then be made clear that complete victory is not to be achieved by arms alone.

All the countries of the world must co-operate in making an economic plan without which none of the international or national schemes of our own or any country can be framed with confidence.

The ever-increasing international co-operation that is winning the War must be extended and consolidated if we are to win the Peace.

What can be saved from the League?

IF we remember the League of Nations at all in these days, we tend to think of it only as a glorious failure.

It failed to stop Japan marching into China; it did not prevent Italy from conquering Abyssinia; it did nothing to stop German rearmament.

But Mr. Churchill has reminded us that as soon as the war is over we must take as our foundation for the peace to come "the lofty conception of freedom, law and morality which was the spirit of the League"

* * *

Only five years ago nearly sixty States were members. They were sworn to abide by certain fundamental principles aimed at achieving international co-operation, peace and security.

Japan and Germany were no longer members. When they launched their aggressive preliminaries to a new world war the League could only condemn, but could not summon the armed strength to stop them.

That is why, in the Prime Minister's words, the next League must have armed forces at its disposal.

But if the League we knew failed in its more spectacular efforts to preserve world peace, it accomplished many amazing feats of international co-operation in the background.

For all its formidable camouflage of advisory committees and sub-committees, commissions of inquiry, supervisory boards, research bodies and high commissariats it was a very human institution whose activities affected the daily lives of all of us.

One of the best-known bodies set up under the League Covenant was the Permanent Court of International Justice with its fifteen elected judges of various nationalities.

Their decisions or advisory opinions settled many territorial, financial and other disputes that in earlier years would have started wars.

Of more personal interest to most of us was the work of the International Labour Organisation.

One of the principles of the League was that its members should endeavour to secure and maintain fair and humane conditions of labour both in their own countries and in all countries with which they had commercial and industrial relations.

* * *

The United States joined with members of the League in this side of their activity.

Dozens of draft conventions were adopted limiting hours of work, dealing with unemployment, compensation, night work, sickness benefits, minimum wages, accidents, child workers, holidays with pay, and so on. Not all were agreed to by all States, but some of these conventions were ratified by more than thirty.

This valuable work of the League's I.L.O. was retarded by the war, but it still goes on.

Other technical organisations have dealt on an international basis with transport, health, economic and financial problems, child welfare, slavery, and the drug traffic.

To prevent the spread of infectious diseases, for example, a world-wide system was built up for all outbreaks to be notified to a central point and from there ships at sea and all public health administrations were warned.

* * *

With the rapid air transport of the future in view, such an organisation will be of vital importance to everyone.

Through League discussions forty-eight States agreed to suppress traffic in women and children. Several amended their laws to raise the age for marriage.

Great efforts were made, with some success, to control traffic in opium and other drugs. There were steps towards the suppression of slavery and forced labour.

These are only a few examples of the vast territory covered by the quiet but persistent work of League officials and committees on matters affecting hundreds of millions of people

The principles of freedom, law and international morality were slowly but surely being put into effect until the aggressor nations brutally interrupted this progress.

That is why Mr. Churchill expressed the hope that we shall not lightly cast aside all the immense work already accomplished by the creation of the League of Nations.

RGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

Hi-de-Hi and All That is Stupid—but...

HI-DE-HI" and "Ho-de-ho" will go down in history.

Those words or phrases mened by Gerald Kersh in his novel They Die With Their Boots Clean" ecame national catchwords or greetngs after the case of Colonel Gates had een aired in the House of Commons.

Those two phrases were tossed about pubs and clubs. They were heard hoing across city streets and country nes. They were the subject of laughter nd discussion.

They became overnight a national sset—just because the people of Britain, ghting the bitterest fight in their bitter istory, like now and again a little light lief to the ever-present toil and sweat nd sacrifice.

★ ★ ★

I don't know how these phrases riginated. They were bandied about lot in holiday camps before the war. don't know whether certain N.C.O.s in raining battalions of the Guards use uch phrases. And I don't care.

But I do appreciate the fact that at a me like this, when the whole terrific imax of the war may soon be approachg, the British people can see and enjoy he humorous side of that grave portenous debate in Parliament.

In pre-war days we used to have our silly seasons," in the public life as ell as in the Press. Do you remember he Beaver-spotting craze and the anger f bearded men when they were spotted y small boys?

It still survives. Only a few days ago trolling through Soho with a friend hose beard would be valued and appreiated by the most dignified of diplomats, heard a young girl mutter "Beaver" s she passed us.

We had our periods of "Knock-knock, ho's there?" Then there was the time hen "Confucius, he say ——" exercised he ingenuity and inventive faculty of han's mind.

★ ★ ★

Since the war we have enriched our anguage. We use the words blitz, ersatz. And then comes along this ridiculous Hi-de-hi." It means nothing.

In it is neither sense nor reason. Yet n it the man in the street sees somehing naïve and funny.

A similar incident in the Commons efore the war would have loosed a spate f words and controversy. Column after olumn of our newspapers would have een filled with letters from "Ex-Guards Officer," "A Cambridge Don," "A tudent of English."

There is nothing we like better than o ridicule our most precious institutions.

How often is the House of Commons he "gas house" and how we keep going he skits on marriage. And how we love o make a catchword out of something ike "Hi-de-hi."

★ ★ ★

It's all stupid—in a way.

To see middle-aged men gravely raise hats and salute friends with the greeting Hi-de-hi" and hear the equally grave esponse "Ho-de-ho," is to realise that t heart we are still a young nation, oung enough in times of crisis to indulge in harmless leg-pull and inane antomime.

But I am grateful to see it happen.

And, although the gallant colonel who precipitated it all cannot be feeling too happy about it, he will, I hope, realise hat he has done a public service in ightening somewhat the drabness of our war time existence.

Let's all "Hi-de-hi" and "Ho-de-ho" t until we use that greeting to acclaim he coming of peace.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR Sir,—Apart from the confusion in directing married women of 40 to 45 to factory work, continued existence of an injustice is causing bitterness.

These women, who have homes and husbands to look after, would not mind the very real difficulties involved if they did not see Government and local offices still crowded with much younger women.

The promised comb-out has, very largely, been sheer eyewash. Heads of Departments find endless ways of retaining these younger women in the office jobs.

Some of them—but by no means all—are anxious to take up other work. They are prevented from doing so by their departmental chiefs, who contend that they are irreplaceable.

The women's panels which you have set up to examine the household circumstances of the older wives, now being called, are doing their work with great consideration, but the remedy is not in their hands.

So long as the only jobs open are for factory work, they must, of course, direct the older women to this work. Why not let these women's panels examine the trouble nearer its root? They could investigate for you whether there is even the need for so many of these "irreplaceable" younger women and girls in the offices.

It is one of the most notorious and growing scandals of the war that various Ministries are grossly overstaffed with girls who have no household responsibilities.

It would, I'm sure, be found that all the additional women required for the factories could be found from this source without calling, for the present, on the older married women who have homes to look after.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. LORD WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—In insisting on an improved standard of cooking in war factory canteens you will end one of our worst scandals of food wastage.

Not even the necessity of making full use of our food resources will make a worker eat a dish against which his stomach revolts.

And the result has been, all too often, that the swill tubs have been kept well filled while the workers have returned to their benches with a feeling of half-emptiness.

I have received complaints about meat so under-cooked or over-cooked as to be uneatable, of vegetables served in such a watery, mushy, inedible mass that fully three-quarters have been scraped off the plates of hungry people as waste.

Then why a complete lack of variety as most workers have been having? Any good book of cottage cookery gives hundreds of recipes for really well-liked dishes, easily made from ingredients readily available in war time, which most war canteens have never tried.

Still, you promise continual vigilance—so we can expect some welcome changes.—JOHN BULL.

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT, Llandudno, North Wales

DEAR SIRS,—So the Ministry of War Transport is angry with you.

They wish you to withdraw the cinema screen advertisements by which you are inviting war workers as far away as the Midlands and North of England to "come to Llandudno."

"We want to offer those people a rest," you say in excuse.

Which would be all very well if Llandudno were the only seaside resort in the British Isles.

Why not confine your advertisements to towns of which it might be said that Llandudno is their nearest seaside place?

Let war workers in the other towns go to Blackpool, Southport, Morecambe, Scarborough, Skegness, and save railway travel.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD LEATHERS, Minister of War Transport

MY LORD.—An inventor had an idea for saving the lives of torpedoed seamen.

He submitted it to your Ministry. And within thirty hours he had an acknowledgment.

Within a month exhaustive tests had been made, the idea had been adopted, and firms that could make the device had received their instructions.

And now what are the results of this keenness?

Thanks largely to new safety devices, of every 100 men in lost cargo ships an average of eighty-seven are saved.

Once in the lifeboats or on rafts fewer than 2 per cent. lose their lives—and five out of six of these survivors are picked up within twenty-four hours.

It means that all over the high seas, carrying our food and munitions, are men who would not be alive to-day but for the fact that your department has a lively sense of urgency.

Would that this spirit could be readily transmitted to certain other departments of State which appear to think it undignified to hurry.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Is somebody pulling your leg? I have good reasons for asking.

Recently you announced the results of an inquiry into the allegation that rent profiteering was widespread.

There was little evidence of it, you said.

And now you have had an investigation of the reports that house-purchase prices are soaring to unbelievable heights.

You find that untrue, too.

Any increases, you say, are confined to the limited number of houses in the safer areas which can be bought for immediate use, and these increases, anyhow, are "in accord with the war time variations of costs and wages generally."

I dispute that, as I dispute your earlier statement on rent profiteering.

Overcharging for vacant (and in many cases non-vacant) house property is *general*.

Far from being confined to safe areas, houses have been sold at twice their pre-war value and more in much-bombed London areas.

In what might truly be called safe areas prices have soared to as much as three times their pre-war figure.

Send your boys out again for the facts.—JOHN BULL.

LORDS OF THE TREASURY, Whitehall, S.W.

DEAR SIRS,—I thought the days were dead when Regular Army commissions could be held only by men with private means.

But you, apparently, are anxious to revive them.

I have before me a letter from officers in our glorious Eighth Army. Just temporary officers.

They were overjoyed when the War Office invited them to apply for Regular Army commissions.

Then they were brought to earth by a footnote which says: "No marriage allowance will be granted until the officer reaches the age of thirty." For most young officers in our modern youthful Army are in their twenties.

If they were sergeants or corporals over the age of twenty-one they'd get marriage allowances automatically.

But, having accepted the King's commission, they must write to the girls who have waited for them two, three, five years and say: "I'm sorry, but even when the war is over we must still go on waiting."

You are responsible for all the meannesses regarding sailors', soldiers' and airmen's pay and allowances for which the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry get the blame.

But this step is so retrograde, so contrary to the spirit of the days in which we live, that the country has got to fight it.—JOHN BULL.

200 'Ghosts' Who Bluffed Hitler

THEY COULDN'T BE HELD—No. 4
BY
MARK PRIESTLEY

★ *The lid has been blown sky-high off this hitherto close-guarded yarn now that Oflag II.D. has been transferred—and the underground tunnels discovered. It will rank high up on the scroll of superb daring that will go to make history of this war*

PICTURE the prison camp, as it used to be—a Dartmoor in the Pomeranian waste lands, haunted by the ghosts of a gallant French army.

A huddle of dreary huts close-clutched within an electrified picket fence 10 ft. in depth—a girdle of death. Beyond it a bleak stretch of scrub and sand affording next to no cover. . . .

And held there over 1,000 French officers captured when the Panzer divisions smashed the Maginot legend.

Among them—wounded in a tank battle, taken prisoner unconscious—was Lieut.-Col. Pierre Billotte, now one of General de Gaulle's right-hand men.

His father a General, his mother English-born, Billotte personifies the *entente cordiale* in terms of intrepid daring.

His One Thought

From the first day of his imprisonment he thought of nothing but escape . . . escape . . . how to get out of the prison the Nazis imagined unbreakable.

One day, with a brief moment to himself in the canteen manager's office, he noticed a road map of the area. In a split instant it had been whisked under his jacket.

So was fired the tinder trail that set the prison camp blazing end to end with escape fever and led to one of the most amazing mass escapes ever recorded.

In less than a week scores of prisoners had copies of the map hidden away—in the seams of clothing, behind wall skirtings, beneath tooth-powder—and in scores of places where prison guards never thought of looking.

One prisoner came across and quietly snaffled a time-table.

It was eagerly smuggled from hand to hand and worn to tatters with study.

Soon they all knew how the trains ran!

To clothe the inmates of the camp against the freezing Baltic cold, the Nazis had opened up their stores of looted military clothing. To the escape planners, clad in military cast-offs, chances of securing civvies seemed slender.

With the skill of desperation, an ex-Parisian tailor among their number began altering Norwegian military shakos into passable peasant caps and brightly coloured Dutch uniforms—dyed and dirtied—into drab civilian suitings.

From his scanty rations each man set aside an emergency food store. This, in turn, had to be hidden away against the continual—always unheralded—search inspections.

Everything was Set

From the kitchens someone stole a soup ladle and the stage was all set.

Ways and means had been exhaustively discussed, and Colonel Billotte considered a tunnel the only way of bypassing the electric barrier.

The old, obvious trick is still sometimes the best one.

Beneath one of the huts, Escape Group No. 1 began to dig. With that soup ladle, with dessert spoon, with their bare hands. . . .

An expert carpenter designed a trap-door in the floor so neatly that it could not be seen. He was a craftsman worth knowing. He had no proper tools. The Nazis had stopped the free issue of table-knives and razor-blades. Still he managed. . . .

Day by day, now, as the prisoners were escorted on exercise marches along the desolate roads, they studied the lay of the land. *And got rid of the earth from their pockets.*

By day they plotted. By night they progressed.

Soon the tunnel was beyond the radius of the hut lighting. Working in gloom, the diggers had no torches, no candles.

But they had foreseen this emergency. Grease had been skimmed for days past from their watery soup. With empty food tins, and shreds of wool torn from a blanket for wicks, they soon made some crude tallow hand-lamps.

The grease was rancid, the stench of the burning unbearable. The prisoners took turns in the tunnel, and no one could stand the foul, suffocating fumes for many minutes.

One man, toiling down there alone, did not return when his time was up.

They pulled him out unconscious. But still the next man went doggedly down on his shift.

Then, as the tunnel lengthened, another acute risk! Gentle patters of sand proclaimed danger. The soft, sandy roof began to fall in.

In the store shed one of the prisoners was working opening cases of army biscuits. From these duties he returned stiff as a board—stiff with lengths of wood torn from the cases.

The planks furtively passed from man to man . . . into the tunnel. But before they could finish the job, down came the roof.

Working in the depths when it collapsed was a young officer. They dug him out dead!

No heart-beat. No breathing. His face was blue.

Here was a fearful dilemma.

Worked All Night

Billotte and his comrades frenziedly worked all night, giving artificial respiration. Just before dawn, they brought the boy round. And work on the tunnel still went forward. . . .

Towards the far end the air was so unbreathable that the digger used a rubber hot-water bottle as an oxygen mask. Surely such determined efforts could not but be crowned with success?

When only a few inches of sand remained, Billotte, another prisoner who could speak German and a third man decided to undertake the first getaway.

Then, at the eleventh hour, Billotte discovered how the trio could slip into the escorted exercise party *without being counted past the gate.*

Though details cannot be told, the breathtaking success of the ruse centred in utter simplicity.

Once on the desolate roads they had to slip away from the armed guards, then change from prison garb into "civilian" clothing.

It was all achieved with the ease of a conjuring trick.

Now before them lay the endless hazard of a train journey across Germany.

They bought their tickets at the little local station and were away before the escape was known. They had papers forged with devilish ingenuity. Their toughest moment was when a schoolboy of ten interrogated them. . . .

Or was their worst time as they hid at last in a ditch within yards of the Russian frontier when a dog barked close at hand? Silhouetted against the stars, a police patrol passed 20 yards away, yet neither men nor dogs spotted the Frenchmen.

Escape Unnoticed

A few moments more and the escapists had safely wriggled to freedom through the barbed wires.

More amazing still, back at Oflag II.D., is the fact that their escape went unnoticed for nearly 24 hours. And, meantime, three more men had completed the tunnel—and slipped through to liberty.

Lieut.-Col. Pierre Billotte is now one of General de Gaulle's right-hand men

Pandemonium broke out as the guards realised their "accounts" were "out." Previously they had been arguing about their arithmetic. Even now the Nazis could not discover how the escapes were stage-managed.

Sometimes, as they inspected the huts, the guards actually tramped across the trap-door. Even had they discovered it, an ingenious pivot device and a "tray" of earth concealed the real tunnel. The mouth was always carefully built in by the last man out.

Always? Yes, for within another week a third trio had got away.

All went well until a suspicious German picket dragged them out of the train and demanded their safe conduct papers. A hair-raising moment—but the false papers forged in the camp still proved convincing.

Emboldened by success, other tunnels were launched. Within the next few months, from Oflag II.D. and other camps, nearly 200 Frenchmen escaped.

They were shot at by snipers. They were savaged by dogs. They suffered from frost-bite through "hiding out" in the zero weather.

Human Dynamite

Some set off alarm flares as they crossed the Soviet frontier. Some were the target of Russian frontier patrols, although the Nazi-Soviet war had not then begun.

Some carried their wounded comrades on the long route to freedom.

But they made it. . . .

Then, for seven long months—until Hitler's legions marched—they were held in a Russian prison. Shortly after the attack upon Russia, all the 200 came to England . . . comrades together.

Two hundred ghosts who had returned from living death to fight once more against Hitler. Two hundred heroes who had endured, fighting men who had become—human dynamite.

WRECKED EATING ICE-CREAM!

THE men who rough-ride the sea in corvettes on the trail of U-boats have many strange experiences

One crew, for instance, dropped depth charges and found a wide circle of ocean belching forth apples from the cargo hold of a sunken ship!

But probably no stranger experience has ever befallen a corvette crew than the case of the shipwrecked sailors, the apple-pies, and the ice-cream.

★ ★ ★

It happened on a hot day some 400 miles off the island of Cuba in the Caribbean Sea.

A corvette, spotting the smoke and flames of a sinking ship on the horizon, raced to the scene.

Before they got there the ship had gone down, but in the distance, beneath the pall of smoke still hanging over the ocean, they saw a lifeboat bobbing on the waves.

Coming alongside they were surprised. The boat was packed with thirty-three sailors stuffing themselves with apple-pie and ice-cream!

It appeared that the crew of the merchantman, fed up with the hot meals the cook was dishing out under a blazing sun, had badgered him all the previous morning about it

In sheer desperation, he promised to fill all three freezers with ice-cream for supper, adding the pious hope that the crew would eat it until they bust!

But being, in reality, a man of kind heart under a brusque exterior, he also made some apple-pies to go with the ice-cream.

That supper was never served.

At five o'clock the same afternoon, a U-boat put a torpedo through the bows of the vessel, and the crew, including the cook, abandoned ship.

They were 400 miles from land, and argued that they would be more likely to be picked up if they stayed near the burning ship, whose smoke was in itself a signal of distress.

The ship was still afloat the next morning, and still burning, and as the sun grew hotter some of the boys began thinking wistfully of the ice-cream on board.

"I wonder is it still there?" asked one of them.

"Let's have a look-see," suggested another, licking his dry lips.

So they did just that.

Three of them shinned up ropes on to the ship's deck, dodged the flames, catwalking over the hot plates, and found the freezers still intact and working in the ship's galley, with the apple-pies close by.

★ ★ ★

Chucking the pies down into the lifeboat, they scooped out some bucketfuls of ice-cream with the blades of the lifeboat's oars, and dropped back into the boat, which pulled away not long before the ship sank.

And that was the precise moment when the corvette came along.

Along the Back Way to Berlin

★ DIFFICULT THOUGH THE COMPLETE OVERTHROW OF THE AXIS TROOPS IN TUNISIA MAY YET BE, THERE IS, INEVITABLY, LIVELY SPECULATION ABOUT WHAT MAY HAPPEN AFTERWARDS

King George of Greece and his Government are at Cairo ready for the day of liberation

WHEN Marshal Manstein travelled from Berlin to take charge of the rman armies in the Southern tor of the Russian Front he pped at Salonica for a gthy tour of inspection.

e was followed by other lead- German generals, whose con- n for the South-East of Europe grown with the prospect of s defeat in Africa.

hese tours show that the Ger- ns remember Salonica as an ed base in the last war and are ried that it may again be cted as a back-door to Berlin.

he German Press and wireless e given frank ex- ssion to such fears. he transfer of the eek Government m London to ro," said a Berlin kesman, "can be en as an indica- n of impending ed military action the Eastern Medi- ranean."

ut it does not need Axis admis- s to gauge the feelings of both mans and Italians as they share unenviable task of defending vulnerable underbelly of ope.

Difficult to Handle

heir hold on the Balkans was er as strong as their grip on stern Europe. The territory and people among whom they will e to build their defences and n their battles are more difficult handle than even the heroic ch, French, and Belgian iots.

nd the countries which may be lefields to-morrow lend them- es better to the brave work of guerillas and saboteurs.

ake Greece. Scores of tiny little nds are now held by small man detachments, who must be mostly from the air and have er really succeeded in eliminat- native opposition.

ven in Crete—conquered at such eavy price by crack German achutists—guerillas still hold although the Nazis, now fear- an Allied attack, have poured roops.

et time after time the Nazi ss admits that Greek patriots still active in Crete.

Volcanic Ground

hough the Nazis are trying hard ink the islands around Greece a firm belt of first-line defence are operating on truly vol- ic ground.

hat goes double for the Greek nland. The Axis had not quite le up its mind whether German Italian troops should take rge.

ften they are at cross-purposes n, for instance, Italian authori- pursue their ruthless starva- policy, and the German mili- commander wants strong eks to assist in the building of tal fortifications.

ut, like some of the French iots, Greeks will rather take he hills than obey the call of conqueror.

ow, when there are signs that hour for the Axis in Greece roaches, the young Greeks be- come more audacious, more violent in their opposition.

The first reports of armed clashes between Axis occupation troops and Greek patriots have reached this country, and there is evidence that in the difficult coastal regions as well as in the mountainous interior there are many islands of freedom and resistance.

There is almost political chaos in Jugoslavia.

We may regret that the numerous rebels against Axis occupation are not fighting in unison against their oppressors, but for the Germans and Italians in Jugoslavia this is no reason to rejoice.

Ferocious Hatred

Serb patriots are ferocious in their hatred of the invader. Quislings, like Pavlevich, are fighting competitors in their own camps.

In many districts of Jugoslavia organised authority does not exist. The Axis commanders find it unable to obtain supplies for their troops. Transports and communications are harassed by guerillas of every description. Hungry people without political motives are causing trouble.

It is not a nice picture, and it often hurts the friends of Jugoslavia to see that lovely country reduced to such a state. But, on the other hand, these conditions will make it all the more difficult for the enemy to conduct what may become vital military operations there.

If the British Navy forces the Adriatic the Jugoslavian powder-barrel will explode and the explosion may well sweep away the last vestiges of what little power the Axis has in this country.

The Real Enemy

And Italy cannot keep aloof from the effects which imminent danger of invasion has on all countries in the South of Europe. Reports from Mussolini's shaken country are all in substantial agreement about conditions in Italy.

There is now no doubt whom the mass of the Italian people regard as their immediate enemies. They are the German troops of occupation and the thousands of Nazi and *Gestapo* officials whom Mussolini has called in.

The sombre note which Italian commentators strike every day reflects more truly the mind of the Italian people than the boasts and sneers of Nazi spokesmen.

A deep depression is settling over Italy, and the reported statement of a prominent Italian that an Allied invasion would be greeted with flags becomes less fantastic under the circumstances.

Depression Over Italy

Anything, it seems, that will end the war has the approval of the Italian people. And an Allied invasion seems to them the earliest prospect.

Behind the first line of defence which all these countries constitute in the event of an Allied attack from the South Germany will find it even more difficult to secure safe bases for supplies and reserves.

Austria, vital irreplaceable link between Germany and Italy, and, together with Czechoslovakia the bridge across which German troops and materials must flow to South Eastern Europe, shows new signs of hostility against the "Prussian brothers," as the Nazis call themselves.

Executions of Austrians take place at three times the rate of those in Germany, and the gallant spirit of the Czechs is unbroken in spite of Nazi attempts to crush it.

Hungary is subtly administering one snub after another to her German ally and even Horthy's Fascist gang now has qualms about sacrificing more Hungarian troops.

And every one of the satellites has, at one time or another, put out feelers to find out what would happen to them in the event of a German defeat.

Yes, as the Axis chiefs inspect the hot ground on which they may be called upon to fight any day now they see no happy picture.

They have been caught napping by Rommel's defeat at the gates of Egypt and the danger of complete expulsion from Africa.

Measures which they are hurrying to take are far from complete. The time which Rommel and Arnim have been trying to buy at tremendous cost is too short.

Little Comfort

Whichever way they look they have little to give them comfort.

On their left flank are the valiant Turks, who are cementing their bonds of friendships with the Allies. They are studying Axis methods of warfare in Africa lest they may be called upon to fight against attempts by the Germans to break out from the swiftly closing ring through Turkish territory.

On the other side, in Spain, they see, at best, a war-weary, tired, hungry people, whose only hope of recovery from the ravages of the civil war lies in peace and help from Anglo-American sources.

From Gibraltar to the Bosphorus the Nazis can find little cause for satisfaction.

They are accustomed to political difficulties wherever they move. But never before have such military problems confronted them in the face of acute danger.

When the Allies strike one hard and determined blow the European back-door to Berlin will be wide open.

W. F.

CASA

THE nine critical months of which M Churchill spoke after the Casablanc conference have begun. In estimatin the prospects of this fateful summe one fact is dominant.

This is the first year in which th United Nations have taken the offensiv It is also the first year in which all the resources have been mobilised and availabl for a collective blow.

Compare the position to-day with tha of those dark days of 1940-41 when we stoo alone. Compare it with the position la October when Hitler's pincers were deep i the Caucasus on the one side and Egypt o the other.

THE IMMENSITY OF THE TWIN MIRACLE OF NOVEMBER MAY BE MEASURED BY ONE FACT—HITLER IS A PRICKED BUBBLE.

Whatever the mystery that envelops hi may be, he perished as a god at Stalingra In a military sense this may not be a gain t us. With the soldiers in control there wi be a more cautious and more dangerou strategy.

But in another sens the fall of Hitler i of enormous consequence. Its effect upo the morale of the German people must b devastating. The discovery that they ha been following like mad sheep behind a ma prophet will add humiliation to their deepen ing despair.

* * *

Nor must we ignore the repercussions o all this upon the mind of Europe. The Conti nent has been terrorised and subdued a much by the Hitler legend as by the suppose invincibility of the German war machine.

Now that both the legend and th invincible war machine are discredited th peoples of Europe from Norway to Greece wil emerge, as it were, from the catacombs an take their share in the terrific retributio that will fall upon the tyrants.

The very completeness of Hitler's triumph over Europe should, now that the tide ha turned, be the most fatal source of weakness to him. It was a source of strength whil he was in the ascendant and while the shoot ing squad and the lash of the Gestapo coul preserve the Reign of Terror over the whol Continent.

But now that the spell of Hitlerism i broken and Germany herself is locked in th prison camp she has made of Europe the com pleteness of her early triumphs will be he undoing.

With the enemy closing in upon he pris from without she will have to face suc an insurrection within as even the diabolica machine of Himmler will be helpless t control.

* * *

THE NEMESIS OF ENSLAVEMENT IS REBELLION. HITLER HAS ENSLAVED EVERY NATION IN EUROPE "ONE BY ONE"; BUT IN DOING SO HE HAS TURNED EVERY NATION INTO A FIFTH COLUMN OF THE ALLIES.

There is not a people in Europe that i not waiting breathlessly for the hour o deliverance to strike, the hour when it ca turn and rend the Satanic power that ha ravaged, looted and destroyed its homeland.

Think o cations.

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BLANCA HAS BEGUN

By A. G. GARDINER

Think of one fact alone and all its implications.

It is estimated that there are in Germany now twelve million foreigners working to keep the furnace of her war machine glowing. Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Belgians, Russians, Italians, Rumanians—every one a prisoner or a slave.

Every one an enemy. Every one hungering for the sight of his own country and his own kindred. Every one waiting for the hour to strike. Some Fifth Column, Herr Himmler. Some Fifth Column, ye Lavals and Quislings and Pavolitchs and Antonescus.

* * *

And the hour is approaching. The warnings of its approach come from every quarter of the compass. Let us note some of them.

Most impressively of all do they come from heroic Russia.

DO NOT BE DISTURBED BY THE SET-BACK AT KHARKOV. SEE THAT SET-BACK AGAINST THE MIGHTY BACKGROUND OF RUSSIA'S WINTER CAMPAIGN AND ALL THAT IT FORESHADOWS.

If Britain set the first seal of doom on Nazi Germany in the Battle of Britain, Russia, I believe, set the final seal in the Battle of Stalingrad. From that terrific defeat there should be no recovery, no "come-back."

And the warnings come from Tunisia. There the Battle for the Mediterranean is in its final phase.

After the thrilling drama of the rout of Rommel, the descent of the Armada and the conquest of North Africa, the delay in the final kill is disappointing.

It is disappointing because it upsets the time-table of the grand assault. But we cannot control the weather nor alter the facts of geography.

All the same the kill is certain. It cannot be long delayed, and when it is accomplished the Mediterranean will be ours in a measure that it has never been ours since the day that France was betrayed.

Then with Russia holding the eastern front and we holding the southern front and the western sea front the hour will indeed have struck.

Its coming is announced, too, in the stupendous blasting of Germany (and Italy) which proceeds day and night from "the unsinkable aircraft carrier" which is Britain.

That blasting will grow in volume. It can never be stayed. It can never be countered. For our mastery of the air is now even more unchallengeable than our mastery of the sea.

Indeed, great as our mastery of the surface of the sea is, it is the sea which is the most anxious theatre for us.

DOENITZ WILL CERTAINLY GAMBLE EVERYTHING HE HAS TO STRIKE US HERE AND TO DISORGANISE THE VAST TRANSPORT REQUIRED BY US FOR THE GRAND ASSAULT.

With that caveat, I turn to one further omen that the hour for which Europe waits is about to strike. It is the denunciation of Vichy and the resurrection in Africa of Fighting France.

The immediate military value of this rebirth may not be great. But its moral value at this moment is immense.

It is a trumpet call which summons every Frenchman worthy of the name to the fight, and in the coming crisis the Fifth Column of France should be the most formidable of the internal enemies with which Germany has to cope.

As to the shape of the great offensive that the Casablanca Conference agreed on, I, of course, have no knowledge. Nor I hope has anyone else except those who, in this great business, "have the rope round their necks," as Lord Fisher used to say.

It is one of the advantages of the initiative that the assailant knows where he will strike and the assailed doesn't.

IT IS ONE OF THE DISADVANTAGES OF HITLER (I STILL SAY "HITLER" FOR THE SAKE OF CONVENIENCE) THAT HE HAS ABOUT SIX THOUSAND MILES OF FRONTIER ROUND HIS PRISON AND THAT HE DOES NOT KNOW WHERE THE BLOW (OR BLOWS) WILL FALL.

No doubt he is guessing as anxiously as I am and as you are, and I hope he will be kept guessing until the blow (or blows) falls. I have my own favourite theories as you have, and they range round the whole circuit of Hitler's fortress, with a particular "warmth" for the Eastern Mediterranean.

But I've no doubt that I shall be as wide of the mark as I hope the enemy will be.

Meanwhile I find comfort in the fact that he has to be prepared everywhere from the White Sea, round the coast of Europe and back to the White Sea by Russia.

But there are four broad objects which will govern the strategy of our grand assault.

The first is that all the Allies should strike together.

The second is that the blows in the West should make it impossible for Germany to stage another all-out attack on Russia.

The third is that the attacks should compel the widest possible dispersal of the enemy's resources and the maximum congestion of his transport.

The fourth is that they should synchronise with carefully organised Fifth Column explosions throughout Europe.

SO I COME BACK TO THE VIEW I HAVE ALWAYS HELD THAT IN THE END HITLERISM WILL BE DESTROYED BY THE FORCES WITHIN AS MUCH AS BY THE FORCES WITHOUT.

Deal With These French Admirals!

WHY is there still no word from Admiral Godfroy, C.-in-C. of the French Middle-East fleet at Alexandria?

Why is Admiral Robert, in command of important units in the French West Indies, still sticking to Vichy?

Why does Admiral Esteva, Resident-General in Tunisia, openly side with the Axis?

They pretend that their oath compels them to obey the orders of Marshal Pétain, but there is more than that behind it.

* * *

The truth is that the higher ranks of the French navy were thoroughly infected by the Fascist virus long before the war.

There were, of course, exceptions. A number of admirals and an important proportion of officers of lower rank were either sincerely non-political or democratic. Many of them found their way to General de Gaulle's naval forces.

But the others wholeheartedly followed Darlan and his large clique of pro-Axis admirals.

Yet, after the scuttling of the fleet in Toulon, most of us felt inclined to revise our views.

Alas—that new judgment was premature. Admiral de Laborde, who scuttled the fleet at Toulon, has meanwhile been at great pains to show that there has been no change.

An obscure pro-Nazi French paper, *France-Revolution*, had attacked him for the scuttling of the fleet. He replied:

Your arguments are wrong, as can be testified by 6,000 officers and men of our fleet. They can state under oath that I have never ceased for two years to instil in them my hatred of the British, which is older than the clash at Mers-el-Kebir; that I never gave orders not to fight them, and that I never thought of sailing from Toulon to join them.

* * *

It has also now been disclosed that Admiral Auphan, Vichy's Minister of Marine at the time of the scuttling, had wired orders to Laborde to cancel the scuttling orders.

And it was only because the Germans had cut the wires linking the base with Vichy that these new orders did not reach Laborde in time!

Then there is the affair of the battleship *Richelieu*.

Since it reached New York for repairs two months ago, French sailors and petty-officers have been deserting and enlisting in De Gaulle's naval forces.

* * *

These men have revealed that Captain Deramont, in command of the *Richelieu*, addressed the crews at Dakar after the landings in North Africa, and called Churchill a "bandit" and Roosevelt a "scoundrel."

Other officers, they declare, deplored that North Africa had rallied to the Anglo-American cause.

All this shows how urgent it is that there should be a clean-up in the French naval forces which have now nominally joined us.

This will certainly be one of the main problems which General de Gaulle and General Giraud must jointly settle when they meet in Algiers.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

A BIG RACKET IN INJURY CLAIMS!

TOUTS who approach victims of street accidents with offers of legal intervention are busy again.

They are exploiting the new scope offered them by black-out mishaps and war time conditions generally.

Investigations just concluded by one of my representatives afford abundant evidence that the more active of their number must be making large profits from the racket.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

Often, almost as soon as an accident occurs, these quack lawyers get busy. Sometimes they pounce upon victims so quickly that many wonder how their names and addresses were obtained.

Actually, the organisation of the most profitable agencies is so complete that details of accidents reach their offices promptly from touts who keep watch upon fire stations, hospitals and police stations!

A few days ago, for instance, an elderly woman living in Putney (London) tried to cross the street when the traffic lights were against her.

A car, which was being driven very slowly, touched her slightly, but she was knocked down.

OFFERED SETTLEMENT

Unhurt, she told the driver that she was to blame, and went home.

She was very surprised, shortly afterwards, to receive a letter from a concern called the London and Provincial Compensation Claims Association, of 12, Bell Lane, Gloucester, which offered to arrange an adequate settlement of her claim for compensation!

"Kindly complete the enclosed accident claim form and return to us," wrote this most accommodating agency. (The form requested information as to the date of accident, etc.)

Terms for the firm's services in negotiating a settlement were 10 per cent. of the total amount obtained!

Now, inquiries about the London and Provincial Compensation Claims Association reveal it as a one-man business run by a Mr. A. P. Copping, who, prior to making his war time headquarters in Gloucester, ran a similar organisation from an office in Princeton Street, Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Copping's impudent operations have come constantly under the notice of both the London and provincial police, while the Law Society has for a long time viewed his operations with great disapproval.

Two other recent inquiries I have received about him came from readers as far away from each other as in Morpeth (Northumberland) and in Pontygwaith (Rhondda).

ANOTHER GUISE

The first was from the relatives of a man who was knocked off his bicycle and killed instantly in an accident with a car. Mr. Copping approached them, with a similar "compensation settlement" proposal, but in another of his guises—The Cyclists' Protection Association.

This, also of Bell Lane, Gloucester, is, like the London and Provincial Compensation Claims Association, only another name for himself.

The other inquiry was from the parents of a little girl of three who was killed outside her own home by a passing vehicle. In both cases the fee proposed was 10 per cent. of any sum recovered.

I urged both readers to ignore Copping altogether and to consult solicitors for advice as to whether they really had a reasonable claim.

Copping sent one of his impudent and unsolicited offers to the wife of a fireman serving away from his own district. It was worded in a way that suggested her husband had lost his life. Actually, he was alive and well!

APPOINTMENT ONLY

Another of these legal "experts," who has also come under the notice of the police and the Law Society, runs what he chooses to call the Combined Services Advisory Bureau, the headquarters of which are in Victoria Rise, Clapham, London, S.W.4.

His name is Ernest Clothier, and his notepaper sometimes gives his address as 8, Hazelwood Court, London, S.W.4. This is the same building in Victoria Rise!

His notepaper stresses the fact that he can be seen by appointment only, though his touts soon call once he has discovered there is the likelihood of business being done.

Clothier does not work on a definite percentage, but comes to an arrangement with clients as to the fees they have to pay for his unorthodox services.

Among the inquiries I have received about him is one from a well-known coroner who conducted an inquest into the circumstances of a road accident death some little time ago.

The widow in this case handed the coroner a letter from this Combined Services Advisory Bureau, together with a card left at her cottage by a representative, and he sent them on to me with the comment that such appeals should surely be ignored.

The United Claims Association, run from an office in Holborn, London, by a man named A. G. Bertie, is another notorious concern which works on a 10 per cent. basis, as also does the Co-operative Claims Society, again of Holborn, which has had a number of different secretaries and addresses.

"Have you met with an accident? You must make the best of it!" was the opening paragraph of the circulars of another concern called the "Accident Claims Advisory," which was until recently operating from offices in Baker Street, London, and whose unsolicited circulars were widely distributed.

This concern's literature suggested that, but for its own existence, victims would stand no chance at all against an insurance company!

Some agencies go even much farther than those named above, and their operations thus call for even closer official attention.

WILL FIND WITNESSES

They employ touts who suggest that witnesses, if necessary, can be found to give evidence to support a contested claim.

They mostly work on the theory that insurance companies will prefer to pay a fairly substantial sum in private settlement than be put to the expense of fighting a claim in court.

Sometimes, on the pretence of being related to an injured person, their touts get into hospitals and nursing-homes to wheedle instructions from sick people who are persuaded to have speculative claims made on their behalf on a percentage basis.

Victims are never told that if a "settlement out of court" fails and the case goes against them before a judge, they will be saddled with the costs.

In one of many cases where a firm of "ambulance chasers" lost a case in this way, a Ramsgate builder was left to pay a bill of £118.

Often, too, when private "settlements" of a doubtful type are made, the touting agencies not only secure 10 per cent. of the total from the victim, but a further 10 per cent. of the costs charged by the solicitors acting for them.

I have before me a list of several firms of shady solicitors who rely on this reprehensible trade for part of their regular income.

Several judges have condemned this undesirable state of affairs. In one instance a judge announced, at the end of a compensation case against a motorist, that he intended forwarding the papers to the Law Society.

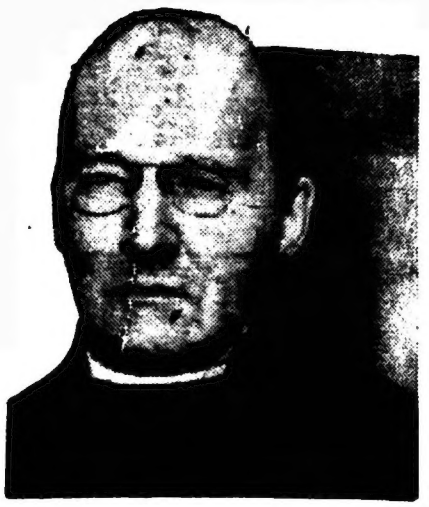
"The man who brought this case," he said, "was approached by an accident claim society, who said there would be no fees except 2s. in the £ on any amount recovered. *It is time that these things were stopped.*"

Most of us will agree wholeheartedly with the learned judge.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mrs. C. Green, Dudley Avenue, Kenton, Middlesex, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information is welcomed about any suspected ramp or swindle. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



Canon T. P. Stevens, of St. Paul's Vicarage, Wimbledon, has been so angered by the racket that he has started a campaign of his own against the men behind it

AND ANOTHER 'LEGAL' RAMP TO WATCH

SERVICEMEN'S wives and sweethearts—*any* relative, in fact—should have nothing to do with charming strangers who call upon them in the guise of "legal advisors."

Quite a number of swindlers, working independently of each other, are making a good deal of money just now by cruelly imposing on such people.

They get to know personal details about serving men and pretend that they are in some serious trouble and seriously need money which they cannot write to ask for themselves.

One rogue, "wanted" by the police in different parts of the country in the names of Lane, Baxter, Mead, Lucas, Moore, Paterson, Griggs and Burke, is making repeated hauls from victims whom he sometimes distresses with the most wicked lies.

He told one man that his brother, a gunner, was in prison awaiting trial for being concerned with two Canadians in the "hold up" and robbery of a cafe manager who was both assaulted and robbed.

For some "secret" reason he was not allowed to write, and so had urged the caller to interview his brother to get sufficient money to arrange his defence.

Of course, the whole story was untrue from beginning to end, but the brother raised over £20 in the belief that it was true.

Lane, who is about forty-five, very smartly dressed and speaks with a slight impediment, promised to send progress reports of his efforts on the soldier's behalf—but vanished.

Don't listen to any person who calls with any such story. Remember that the authorities *help* all men in difficulties by giving them the fullest facilities to communicate with relatives and friends.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

CAN CLOTHING PRICES BE CONTROLLED?

● Although rationing may limit the amount of clothing anyone can buy, prices of everyday commodities, including clothes, are reaching price levels that suggest wicked profiteering.

Personally, I largely blame those who buy unnecessarily.

To-day, the wearing of old clothes is in no sense a shame. Many, instead of saving their money, are buying whatever they can buy at whatever price is demanded.

From the point of view of the shopkeeper, it must be recognised that often when he seems to be profiteering the truth is that he is making much less money than he did in peace time. For he is selling much less than before the war, and yet has a greater expenditure.

The weird thing is that people who quote the law of supply and demand to justify their extra charge for one commodity, blame another man whose price is governed by the same law.

WHY DOES HITLER FAKE CASUALTY FIGURES?

● This is merely for the reason that Hitler, from the beginning of his political career, has faked everything.

If, in order to arouse racial hatred, he called the democracies "plutocratic" and blamed everything on "international finance," why should he not, when faced with terrible losses on the Eastern Front, quote the figure 542,000?

As he promised his people easy victory, he must go on pretending.

We were promised, in 1940, blood and sweat, toil and tears. Therefore our losses need not be hidden from a nation which expected heavier casualties and more deaths.

SHOULD WE BAR SPEECHES?

● I am afraid that the reader who suggests that we ought to put a ban on all speeches till after the war, and adds that statesmen should "get on with the job instead of talking so much," does not know how much we owe to the critical speeches made in Parliament.

These speeches forced on the Government changes in policy that will probably prove to have shortened the war by years.

And the speeches made by Ministers are often their reply to these attacks and their explanation of the changes in policy.

But for these speeches the entire nation would be as completely ignorant of the happenings in the war as are the German people, from whom all knowledge of the truth is kept.

MY SON JOHN

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

★

By HEDLEY BARKER

THE big house was empty. Dust-sheets covered the furniture. The last of the servants had gone. The ancestors on the walls stared down at Mr. Crump and his master, John Richard Stanley Babington Quaine.

Babington Quaine stared at Mr. Crump. A quizzing glance. A glance full of fun and tender with affection. Mr. Crump, a retainer of the family for thirty years, had practically brought him up.

Babington Quaine liked Mr. Crump very much indeed. He poured out two glasses of whisky, handed one to his companion.

"Your very good health, Crumpy."

"Thank you, sir. A safe return." Mr. Crump eyed his master sheepishly. "You look well in your uniform, if I may say so, sir. Very fine."

His master bowed. The flash of his mocking grin warmed Mr. Crump's heart. The flash of the two pips on his shoulders chilled him with apprehension. To himself, in all earnestness, he repeated: *A safe return.*

Babington Quaine looked up, met the frown of ancestor Oliver, 1549.

"No dependants, no relatives, eh, Crumpy? Neither of us. Babes in the wood. Orphans of the storm."

"In a way of speaking, yes, sir."

"So that we can focus our goodbyes exclusively on one another."

Mr. Crump stared dully for a moment at his master's outstretched hand, made haste to seize it.

"God-speed, sir."

"Thank you, Crumpy. I'll miss you like hell, damn it."

Babington Quaine liked Mr. Crump very much indeed. He poured out two glasses of whisky, handed one to his companion

Mr. Crump stood on the steps and waved. Gently, he closed the door, stood listening in a vast silence, moved aimlessly into the dining-room, suddenly looked forward with something like panic to months of loneliness in an empty house.

"You'll be all right, Crumpy," his master had assured him. "You've got Home Guard duties three nights a week, and for the rest you can join the club at Bradcaster."

YES, he must join the club. Impossible to stay in that house with nothing but memories to bear him company. He took up the 'phone, got through to the secretary.

"Oh, no," said the secretary, "no need at all to have yourself proposed. Lots of newcomers to the district like yourself. War time, you know. Only too glad. If you could supply two references. Beg pardon? A lieutenant in the Home Guard? That'll be ample."

The members were matey chaps. Bank pensioners, evacuated business men, council officials. Mr. Crump was a modest piece of magnificence in his lieutenant's uniform, and they cottoned on to him at once.

They showed him photographs.

Photographs of lads in the R.A.F., the Tank Corps, the Commandos, the Navy, the Paratroop regiments.

"That's my boy. Grand chap. Keen as mustard. Recommended for a commission last week."

My boy says this, my boy says that. They exchanged tit-bits from letters home. When any of the lads got a decoration the proud father was fêted by the whole club.

"My Reg was always a reckless devil. Hell-for-leather. Absolutely without fear."

My Reg, my Eric, my Ken, my Ron. Mr. Crump began to feel out of it. Sort of lonely and wistful. Not even when they made him a Major was he cheered up. He wrote to John Richard Stanley Babington Quaine, sent him a photograph.

"Dear Crumpy," came the reply, "you look well in your uniform, if I may say so, sir. Very fine. How do you like the enclosed, you old rascal?"

Enclosed was a picture of the writer, now a captain.

That night at the club it came upon Mr. Crump as a sort of inspiration—the kind of inspiration that comes with the fourth whisky. Before he could draw back the thing was done.

"I've never showed you the picture of my son, have I?"

They gathered round.

"By gosh, Crump, he's a smasher!"

"Six foot two," said Mr. Crump, with pride.

"And good-looking, by Jove!"

"Yes," nodded Mr. Crump, chuckling. "I'm afraid he didn't get his looks from me."

Mr. Crump read them the letter. Dear Crumpy. "Always calls me Crumpy," he explained. "You look well in your uniform, if I may say so, sir. Very fine."

They laughed. "You ought to be proud of him, Mr. Crump. He looks the right stuff."

MR. CRUMP ordered whiskies all round. "Yes, I'm very proud. He's a nice boy, a dear boy." He raised his glass. "Perhaps you'll drink to—to my son John."

An hour later Mr. Crump entered the big house. The first flush of his pride and triumph had faded now, and he looked very solemn and rather scared.

And when he switched on the light and met the glare of ancestor Oliver, 1549, he was for a moment petrified.

It was almost as if ancestor Oliver were alive, and wrathful at the impudence of Mr. Crump's common blood.

And how was he to withdraw; how was he to avoid the shame of discovery? How, above all, could he ever make his dreadful confession to John Richard Stanley Babington Quaine?

Plunged in misery, Mr. Crump went off to bed. In the morning he awoke to a sense of heaviness. Regret weighed him down like lead. If only he could undo last night's madness!

They began to notice things at the club. Old Crump, they said, was rather going it. Not really vicious drinking, but two, five, seven or eight whiskies a night.

Comfortably muzzy, Mr. Crump's fear was not so insistent, his secret worry floated off into the background, he was able to put away from him in part the evil day.

FOR the evil day must come; the day which would bring his master home again. Mr. Crump never doubted this. In his inmost heart was the certainty that Captain Quaine would survive.

And on that day, he, Mr. Crump must make himself scarce. Bradcaster was not so far away—fifteen miles only. Sooner or later there must be a disclosure of his crime, and the thought of this filled him with horror.

There had been a parade of the Home Guard on the day when he got the telegram. It was waiting to be called for at the post office, and Mr. Crump noted with some alarm that it had been received three hours before.

Faithful and admirable Crump, it read, *with you 1.30 p.m. Kill fatted calf.*

A black day for Mr. Crump. Blindly, he threw things into a suitcase. He was scribbling a note when a breeze blew through the dining-room and the front door closed.

Trapped!

Very still he was when Captain Quaine entered, very frightened.

"Crumpy!" yelled the Captain.

In another moment he found himself seized, whirled around the room in a mad dance.

And then Captain Quaine fell sheepish.

"Crumpy, I've a confession to make. You've a right to considered yourself ill-used. I got a bit oiled one night. Some of the chaps were flashing pictures of their families. I felt rather out of it, if you understand. And, having received a very magnificent picture of Major Crump. . . ."

An awkward pause. Captain Quaine stared.

"I say, old man—anything the matter?"

Happily, Mr. Crump shook his head, blew his nose.

He was doing a quiet weep.

WE OWE MUCH TO "NOSEY PARKERS"

I'M a regular demon for wanting to know. In my own circle I'm known as Nosey Parker.

Now, I can't agree. If we poked our noses only into what does concern us, I don't think the world would get very far.

I have a friend who lives in the outer suburbs of London. He travels in in the morning; he travels out at night. He passes on the way some fourteen stations. And to him they are just stations.

★ ★ ★

Once I asked him if he wasn't interested in the places as places—if he didn't wonder what the streets looked like, the shops and the people.

He said no. Why should he be "nosey" about them?

That's all very well. But it puts a very unfair strain on my nose.

Without boasting much about the distance covered by this world of ours since it started out, it must be admitted, I think, that it wouldn't have got any distance without the invaluable help of the inquisitive people.

Ages back, when we all shivered in caves, somebody wanted to know how to strike a spark and make a fire—and that somebody found out. The others, of course, "weren't so inquisitive."

But when the Nosey Parker had found out how to make the fire the others had no great objection to sitting round.

It was a Nosey Parker who discovered the force of gravity. It was another who discovered the circulation of the blood.

It was a Nosey Parker who, discovering the wheel, invented the cart. It was another who went one better and invented the stage coach. It was a third who invented the railway train.

All the things that make life comfortable and easy are the result of noseyparkering by people who "wanted to know."

Any dumb fool can sit down and read his newspaper and leave it to somebody else to find out.

But if somebody else had not been willing century after century since those old cave days, he'd have no newspaper to read.

It isn't fair that the comfort of millions should depend on the active noses of just a few.

Far too many people don't use their noses at all. A. G.

Anger—And Its Consequences

HUMAN MACHINE

● We have none of us so much energy that we can afford to waste any. If we are going to do our jobs to the best of our ability then we need all the mental and physical energy we can get.

Anger is probably the best way of wasting energy that there is.

It is usually entirely irrational, usually directed at quite the wrong thing or the wrong person, and is, therefore, quite unable to produce any useful result.

Anger is usually due to our inability, or so often our unwillingness, to recognise causes. When something happens to annoy us, we don't, as a rule, stop to find out just exactly what the cause of the annoyance is.

We get irritated and angry first and look for the cause of the anger second—if we bother to look at all.

If we would only learn to look for causes before we lose our tempers, we should be more likely to accept effects in a reasonable spirit.

To be angry with anything is to waste good energy. If things go wrong they can be put right—and that is where our energies should go.

If, on the odd occasion, there is nothing to be done about it, anger is still a waste of time and energy.

You see, anger is really nothing more than a loss of control, a loss of self-possession. Perhaps you never thought of it just like that, but isn't it true? When you are "mad" aren't you just a little bit off your balance?

When you want to be angry, look first for the true cause of your irritation. By the time you have found it, you'll be too busy doing something about it to lose your temper!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

War work is vital and urgent, yet workmen held up by transport delays who are five minutes late may still be shut out for half a day. Why lose these valuable hours in war production? —D. Shepherd, Burcot Road, Sheffield, 8.

★ ★ ★

I suggest book collecting clubs, each member making himself responsible for collecting at least a book a month from people in his area. Thousands of tons of salvage could thus be collected.—Mr. A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Fuel-saving is a necessity, but some firms carry the matter too far. How can they expect efficient work or freedom from illness from employees working in a temperature of 42 deg.—Constance Green, Kenton, Middlesex.

★ ★ ★

A mother of ten, I offer this fuel-saving idea. When you have coal-dust to use up, damp it down with common salt and water, and it will cling together and last as well as coal-lumps. —"Thrifty Housewife," Chartham, Canterbury.

★ ★ ★

Many householders complained that they had no stirrup-pumps to fight fires. Now they have got them they grudge to put down their names for training to use them.—J. M. C., Dundee.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Through many of the letters received for this feature runs a silver thread, gleaming brightly in all the horrors inseparable from war.

It is the steady flow of Red Cross parcels sent to the Camps in enemy countries where some thousands of our lads are imprisoned.

Unless you have someone dear to you among those who receive these parcels it is difficult to realise just what this wonderful work means.

In salute to it we have, this week, chosen some of the letters which pay such glowing tribute.

You can join in the salute by increasing your Red Cross subscription.

PTE. R. W. AMBROSE, captured in May, 1940, writes from M-Stammlager XXB in Germany, to his parents at Runham Road, Hemel Hempstead, Herts:

Thanks for your fourth clothing parcel and also to the **Red Cross for parcels which are a godsend to us, making us realise that we are not "forgotten men."**

We have just had a proper sports week-end, the chief item being a football match, England *v.* Scotland, the first-named winning by six goals to one.

Then we had a Rugby game in which England made a draw with Wales. They may not have been first-class games, but what enthusiasm! The crowd cheered in true cup-tie style, and even our guards seemed to enjoy the fun.

On Sunday evening we had a boxing tournament, which proved that the physical condition of our lads was pretty good. Perhaps we saw some of our future champions in the ring, who knows?

I have now received new Army clothes, comprising battle-dress, side cap, boots, shirts, pullover, socks, and an overcoat.

I must say thanks again to the Red Cross. Our food parcels include chocolate, prunes, sugar, jam, bully beef, tea, butter, tinned milk, and vegetables.

Since last April we have not missed a weekly issue, so we are doing very well. Good luck to you—and us.

MAKE LIFE BEARABLE

At another German prison camp there was an "international" football match, plus some military ceremonial. Pte. J. Kelly writes home about it to his parents at Hadrian Road, Jarrow, Co. Durham:

Our international football match in camp this week was a great "do." We had "pipes" which had been sent out from Britain, and they came in handy for the great day.

You should have seen the pipers marching up and down the field with the drum-major in front, playing the Scots on to the ground. Then followed the English team to the music of a military band.

It was a grand and a stirring start to a fine match, which ended: England 3, Scotland 3. I have seen worse First Division matches.

Well, I've often mentioned our Red Cross parcels, but I must do so again. They do a great deal to make life bearable, and they go a long way towards keeping us all very cheerful.

SEE HIS PICTURE

Pte. George Sutton, captured at Dunkirk, who appears in the group photograph on facing page, writes to his uncle at North End, Calne, Wiltshire:

We still manage to keep up our interest in home football results, which we manage to get each week. Unfortunately we cannot have a "go" at the football pools, except our own in the camp, which don't pay big dividends.

I had my first real game of football last Sunday. Play was a bit rough, and I felt stiff all the week, but it was a good game. Also we get in a good bit of boxing.

Sport and the arrival of Red Cross **parcels help to keep us as happy as can be expected in the circumstances.** We all manage to keep fit and well, so don't worry.

Cheerio and give my love to all at home.

IN ITALY, TOO

First posted as "missing" last June, Gnr. John Cooke is now in an Italian P.O.W. camp, and writes to his mother at Procter Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire:

We are having quite a good time as prisoners, **thanks to the good efforts of the British Red Cross and the parcels they send us. These parcels make all the difference between misery and cheerfulness.**

At Christmas we had an extra parcel complete with Christmas pudding, cake, chocolate biscuits, tinned steak and tomatoes, chocolate, tea, milk, sugar, cheese, marmalade, cigarettes, and soap. They seem to think of everything.

Our ordinary weekly parcels contain cheese, meat roll, salmon, sardines, butter, jam, bully beef, prunes, currants, chocolate, soap, and cigarettes.

If you are writing to the Red Cross people, will you please express our deepest and heartfelt appreciation to them for their valiant work in providing for our comforts. May God bless them.

Hope all is well with you. All the best!

JUST HAD ANOTHER!

Gnr. J. Fenlon, a prisoner of war in Germany, writes to his wife at Hornby Street, Liverpool:

I hope you and the children are in the best of health and spirits. For myself, I am very fit, the news is good, and things could not be better, except, of course, being P.O.W., but we manage to get over that with a smile.

Have just had another parcel, and they are something to look forward to. Hoping that it won't be long before we are home again.

"YOU CAN'T REALISE"

And here's a tribute from a prisoner of war who had the good luck to make his escape. On leave in this country, A.B./H. Atkinson, Ellesmere writes to his aunt at Road, Manchester 21:

YOUNG MAN'S CHART OF IDEAL WIFE: AND SAD MAN OF FIFTY

Surely Spring must interest everyone. It is as great a miracle as ever it was

By HUMANIST

FOLLOWING a letter from a reader suggesting that young men should seriously consider the sort of girl they want to marry, I heard from a man in his nineteenth year who seems to have made his plans in detail.

"I am an apprentice tool fitter," *he writes*, "was educated at a secondary school, am very happy at home, have a keen sense of humour, and am in the A.T.C.

"I have never yet found a girl whom I would like to stick to for life.

"I know my tastes and have an ideal in mind. She must be about my own age. I prefer blondes, but not dumb ones.

"She need not be well-off, but should be well brought up, intelligent without being brilliant, have a good character, be domesticated, always ready to play a joke or stand one, be fond of games, willing to teach me or to be taught by me.

"She must not be giddy, sulky, or have an hysterical laugh. If she is one of a large family, so much the better. She must be resourceful, honest, frank and have a face which is cheerful rather than like a film star.

In describing his ideal girl, this young man is basing her upon the qualities he perceives in his own mother (a fact I elicited in a subsequent letter from him).

That is the explanation of his dissatisfaction with the many girls he has met so far.

One would like to know what girls think of this ideal. They, too, have dreams of the ideal man; but so far I don't remember any girl setting out the various items of his appearance and character. It would be interesting to see some of them.

"WHEN we are young," *writes another man*, "the time seems to pass so slowly. It is an age from one birthday to the next. But then the speed increases and the years fly past like milestones past a racing car.

"It fills me with alarm when I think about it. My fiftieth birthday is drawing near, and I dread the thoughts of approaching age.

"In my life I have travelled in most of the countries of Europe, done almost everything which is worth doing, tasted every kind of food and drink. I have always been eager to have new experiences.

"Now I am beginning to suspect that the game is nearly over. With declining powers the zest is bound to grow less, and I shall just potter about doing little things that I have done before till the end.

"I shall continue to exist—with luck—but I regard my real life as almost over.

"It disappoints one to feel that a crowded life should peter out in such a way. The idea has become an obsession. I wake up in the night brooding about it.

"I suppose one has to resign oneself to it, but if you have anything consoling to say about the subject I should be glad to hear it."

The most consoling thing to be said about such morbid thinking is "Nonsense." A man of forty-nine has not reached the age of the "lean and slippered pantaloon," and old age is still a long way off.

Food may not taste quite so good (though I doubt that), but there are many pleasures that have lost nothing of their original delight.

The coming of Spring, for example, is as great a miracle as ever. The sun, moon and stars are as splendid as ever. And have the sea and the sky lost their everlasting wonder?

When we are young we are too preoccupied to enjoy them. We are worried about money, business, love-affairs, to which Nature is only a vague background.

What about the pleasures of music, art, books, the friendly fireside talks, the watching of young people, the happiness derived from seeing healthy children at work or play?

That reader ought to have ten or fifteen years of vigorous life before he begins to fall into the "sere and yellow."

We can't stop the swift passing of time, but if we don't spend so much of our thought on the future, we certainly find satisfaction in looking back into the past. Some experiences are better seen in the distance than they appeared at the time.

But talk about the game being nearly over by fifty is just tommyrot.

★ If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

Group of Dunkirk prisoners at Stammlager XXID in Germany

I cannot tell you how glad I am to be me again. We had a lot to be thank- for in more ways than one. You never realise what the Red Cross ans to our men until, as a prisoner of , you are almost entirely dependent this organisation for food, clothes, much more besides.

But for the Red Cross we should en have been in a sad and sorry con- ion. Best wishes. I think that this ll be our Victory year.

THANK THE RED CROSS

"Roll on the boat for home," writes L./Cpl. T. W. Newton (at present a "guest" in a German camp) to a friend at Calgarry Crescent, Folkestone, Kent:

Sorry to hear that Reg is also a P.o.W., hich is rough luck; but we shall be ble to swop yarns when we are home gain.

Here things are not too bad, and we anage to make our own fun. We have rt tournaments at week-ends, and so e the lads a swing. I keep missing oubles, as usual. We make our prizes drawing two cigarettes from each an.

By the way, we want to thank the Red ross for all they do for us in the way parcels.

I still try to be musical, but I haven't anaged to get a banjo yet.

Speaking of gardens, we had a plot of round here last year, and ten of us orked on it in our spare time. We had lenty of greenstuff and got a good crop om sixty tomato plants.

Hope to get cracking on this garden ob very soon when the weather im- proves. You have got to keep busy in his sort of life to keep yourself from tting "browned off."

THINK OF EVERYTHING

Taken a P.o.W. in Crete after adventures at Dunkirk and in Greece, Gnr. V. Blake, now in a German prison camp, writes to his sister at John Street, Bolton, Lancs:

The other week each man here re- ived two Red Cross parcels, and were ow welcome! The Red Cross people n seem to think of everything. Then had the parcel from Ada, a letter from ou and one from Ma. That's the stuff o give the troops!

Believe it or not, we had a fancy dress all last week, and we enjoyed ourselves o the limit. We had our photos taken n fancy dress, and I bet that you will ot be able to pick me out of the group.

Hoping that we shall soon be together gain. Cheerio!

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THERE'S ANOTHER 'INVASION' ARMY

While our fighting men are getting ready to drive the Germans and their satellites from the countries they have occupied and pillaged, another army of men and women—small but tremendously important—is training to follow with the machinery of law and order

OUR liberating armies had rolled back the enemy. A wide arc in Southern Europe was free again from the Nazi tyranny.

But the giant battles which raged along those shores for many days had left their mark. Railway communications were disrupted. Food supplies thrown out of gear. Certain gangsters were on the loot. . . .

Add to this several different dialects spoken by the population, and you have a rough idea of the kind of imaginary problem set the students at the new school for "rulers."

Theoretically, they have to take over this liberated country and help to administer it.

For this purpose the students divide into groups representing police, army and law. Each section takes its particular part of the problem. Together they must present a co-ordinated plan of action.

Working quite separately from them is another group of students. They are direct rivals, out to get a better solution than the first group.

Ready for Chaos

It may lead them into the most intricate paths. Chaos can easily break out in the wake of a liberating army. These students must prevent that at any cost.

They must get the civilian services going quickly again. Take strict measures against the possible outbreak of typhus. Organise nursing and medical staffs. It calls for highly specialised training.

There are two schools for rulers in operation at the moment, one in America and one in England.

Students are men with specialised engineering, legal or similar qualifications. One man was a solicitor before the war. He is very familiar with certain dialects in Southern Europe and knows their customs backwards.

Better still, this man had some experience in local administration. He knows how to handle local affairs.

Only Temporary

The majority of the men are drawn from the Army and know the military side as well as the civilian. They are not intended in any sense to be permanent rulers. It is just a temporary measure designed to stop liberated countries from collapsing in chaos.

Tact is a cardinal rule. Let local customs have their way. Above all, get the local administration working as quickly as possible.

In Britain several dozen men over thirty years of age have gone back to school for this purpose. Among them you find people like Captain C. E. Lynch-Blosse, Chief Constable of Leicestershire, and Commander E. R. B. Kemble, Chief Constable of Warwickshire.

They take lectures from nine in the morning until noon. The lecturers include high Army officers and members of the British Intelligence Service familiar with the wiles of enemy agents. The political background of the countries concerned is covered by men from the Foreign Office.

After lunch there are more lectures until tea time. Then follow problems to be answered the next morning.

The course lasts for three months, and finally the students have to pass a stiff examination.

In Tripoli

Some of them have already put into operation what they learnt at the school. Away in Tripoli several Army officers now have charge of the civil administration. They have put their training to excellent purpose.

It is a small example of the way these men will work when vast stretches of Occupied Europe are freed from the Germans.

The British school operates from an Army staff college. The American school has taken over part of the Charlottesville University, amongst the lovely foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains.

There you find middle-aged Army officers moving cheek-by-jowl with young students still in their teens.

All the niceties of setting up "government" are taught by people like Professor Henry Rowell, a specialist on Italy; Hugh Borton, Japanese expert; and Arnold Wolfers, familiar with all the complexities of the German character.

They anticipate the worst. A population facing starvation. Extensive rioting. Terrorists shattering the nerve of the people.

Men who are likely to cause trouble in the different countries are described and named. Their dossiers are examined. Nothing is left to chance.

Working behind the scenes, ready to collaborate with the short-term ministers, are a variety of experts.

They know just how much bread per head of the population is necessary to support a country. Just what vitamins must be rushed into liberated countries. More important still, they know which medical supplies are most vital.

Women, too

Several hundred women are taking special courses in relief work. They will go into the liberated countries with the temporary ministers, and will help to feed and nurse stricken populations.

Already many of them have undergone intensive training.

Something of the conditions they may have to face in Europe have been reproduced in Britain. They have lived under canvas with snow on the ground.

They have built and used mud ovens. They have learnt to make a small home from one room of a shattered house.

Plumbing has given out. They know how to repair it. The only water available comes from the local stream. They know how to make it safe.

Women like Margot De Munck, of the Belgian Red Cross, who escaped from Brussels recently, plan to go back to their own hospitals.

They will return with the liberators and take with them morphia, ether, insulin, all very scarce in the occupied countries.

A big job lies ahead of these men and women now training in England and America.

They will need iron nerves and determination. Above all, they will need a "feeling" for the country in whose temporary administration they will assist.

Without that they could never accurately judge the right psychological moment to relinquish control to the normal authorities again. And that is a very vital point.

Captain C. E. Lynch-Blosse, Chief Constable of Leicestershire, is among the students

SAVE SHIPPING!

SALVING waste paper, rubber, scrap metal and miscellaneous rubbish doesn't seem a very exciting part to play in the war effort.

But we can't all fill spectacular roles, and no service, however insignificant it may seem, is to be despised.

You know that the U-boats constitute a great peril to our shipping.

Well, next time you go about the prosaic business of gathering up waste paper and other items of salvage, remember that your efforts, allied with those of others throughout the country, really help to defeat the U-boat.

LIKES AND DISLIKES

WHEN we like folk it's so easy to admire them and to praise. To gloss over their shortcomings and be blind to their odd ways. To meet them half-way when we can and a smiling welcome give, but that's not how we act to folk with whom we find it hard to live.

WHEN we like folk then we measure all their faults by rule-of-heart; it seems as if Love causes fair judgments to depart. For we'll find excuses knowing those whom we like aren't free from blame. Yet, how would those whom we don't like act if we treated them the same?

WHEN we like folk we're so ready to be proved a friend indeed; we'd rather give them all our time than help those others to succeed. Of course some folk are Sin's Ambassadors and are out to be men's foes; then for the sake of Right's Survival we must with them in combat close.

BUT just liking and disliking doesn't get us very far, it often makes us seem to be quite different from what we are. I wonder if that boring chap, whose daily round we share, finds us as boring as we find him, and impossible to bear? It's worth a bit of thinking out, and it may help us quite a lot, to discover that what we think we are, other folks are quite sure we're not. J. M.

THERE'S *Tradition* IN *V.P.*

Twelve hundred years ago the monks were making wine in Britain . . . and for centuries after. The production of V.P. has revived this historic national industry—but with a special advantage never before possessed by British wines. Sun-ripened grapes from Empire vineyards assure the character and quality of V.P. And if these good wines are not so easily obtainable to-day, the extra trouble to get them is well worth while.

British wines have been fermented and matured in the wood at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey since the early days of this century. The wines bottled by Vine Products Limited include V.P. RICH RUBY, V.P. SWEET WHITE and V.P. BRITISH SHERRY all at 6/6 a bottle.

POINT BRAND

BRITISH WINES

THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD

HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY

INCREASED STRENGTH

Extracts from the 90th Annual Report to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting at Halifax, on Monday, April 12th, 1943.

TOTAL ASSETS	£126,244,886
SHARE & DEPOSIT FUNDS	£119,178,633
MORTGAGE ASSETS	£87,356,459
LIQUID ASSETS	
IN TRUSTEE SECURITIES	£31,236,508
CASH AT BANKS AND IN HAND	£6,994,575
RESERVE FUNDS and UNDIVIDED PROFIT	£6,275,898

COPY OF BALANCE SHEET MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION

GENERAL MANAGERS

DAVID W. SMITH, F.C.I.S. F. E. WARBRECK HOWELL, LL.D.

LONDON DISTRICT OFFICE—HALIFAX HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.2

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BIRMINGHAM - - 26-28, COLMORE ROW
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GLASGOW - 119, ST. VINCENT STREET
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LIVERPOOL - - - - 37, DALE STREET
MANCHESTER - - - - 130, DEANSGATE
SHEFFIELD - - 49-55, SURREY STREET

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM

LAST LAUGH

G. L. (Ipswich).—"An earthquake occurred at a French coastal resort last week." There was much relief among the German garrison when it was realised that it was only an earthquake.

R. M. (Margate).—"It is disclosed that as a boy Hitler had a narrow escape from being run over owing to the carelessness of a 'bus driver." The latter, probably didn't realise the importance of a little extra carelessness.

L. B. (Halifax).—"My wife is in the N.F.S. When she came home the other day and found me having tea with two W.R.A.F.s I used to know, she insisted that they should leave." Naturally, she would put out old flames before they got a hold.

H. L. (Luton).—"Barbers never cut my hair as closely as I like." You should try sitting nearer the clippers.

W. L. (Guildford).—"The chimney-sweep sang at the top of his voice all the time he was in the house, and when I remonstrated he wanted to fight me." Who did he think he was? Al Jolson or a Commando?

T. C. (Putney).—"Instead of tobacco I smoke the leaves of various plants I grow in the garden and next week I'll call on you to see if you are interested." Which day? We'd like to know, because of bringing our gas-mask.

A. C. T. (London, N.).—"I got off the train at Liverpool and had a large whisky, which made me feel quite dizzy." Quite likely, seeing that you had it in a very large port.

F. V. (Manchester).—"A choirboy recently won a darts championship open to all comers." Spectators were enthusiastic about his sweet childish treble.

PRODUCER (London, W.).—"I heard a really funny new joke the other day." Now all you want is lots of pairs of legs and you'll be able to stage a musical comedy round it.

G. K. (Harlesden).—"There is much indignation locally about the shortage of perambulators." Even the babies are up in arms.

S. B. (Edgware).—"My wife has made me a warm waistcoat from an old billiards table cloth." One advantage is that it will probably match your pre-war blue serge suit.

T. T. (Brixton).—"To get on the stage you have to keep knocking." But not at the knees.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Then, after you'd lost half a wing, two engines gone dead, put the fire out, and had the rudder shot away, what else happened?"

Side-Slips

MACCLESFIELD TIMES: — "The perch thus caught augment the nation's FOOL supply. . . ."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS: — "Mr. E——— explained that the MOTHER had been obliterated by wind and rain."

SUNDERLAND ECHO:—". . . in the name of the POLISHED Armed Forces."

CHESTER CHRONICLE:—". . . take proceedings against motorists for leaving their CARDS unattended. . . ."

THE BRISTOL EVENING POST:—". . . and FISHING is now in progress near frontier villages."

COURIER AND ADVERTISER:—". . . May FOOD fortune be with your ship and crew during the coming year."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Here is an appeal made by a widow who lost her husband in extremely tragic circumstances.

John Sullivan served throughout the last war, rejoining the Army in 1939. While home on four days' leave in July, 1940, he was knocked down by a lorry and left unconscious.

Subsequently he died in hospital, and the driver of the lorry was never traced.

The widow has only 10s. weekly pension.

Their son of sixteen is anxious to help maintain the home, and is sometimes able to earn 36s. 7d. a week. But this lad is severely handicapped by poor health, having suffered from tuberculosis.

We rely on our readers to do all they can to ease the burden of this unhappy woman. Donations earmarked "Calamity," or for our General Fund should be addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send us donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny received being passed to those in need.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £100—'BULLETS' 1,388

Mrs. I. J. Rose, 21, Dumpton Pk. Rd., Ramsgate, for this Bullet:—

LIFE IN BRITAIN

SHOWING "DEMOCRACY CAN WORK."

£20: F. J. Reeves, S.P.O., c/o G.P.O. London.
All Through Germany—Right "Through Her," Then!

£10: Mrs. E. F. Miller, "Braemar," West Lawn Gdns., Folkestone.
Our Grocer—Late Errand-boy's "Wings" Amuse!

£5: G. Pinnington, 41, Aigburth Hall Ave., Liverpool.
Stirring Up Trouble—With My "Sugar," Gossip.

£4: E. Lalag, 9, Upminster House, Rice Lane, Kingsbury, N.W.9.
Knows His Job—Employer Said, "Thank You."

£3: Mrs. A. Moorhouse, 12, Killinghall Grove, Bradford.
Potatoes—Kitchen Front's "Old Contemptibles."

£2: W. Fern, 36, Silver St., Whitwick, Leicester.
Dad's Bit Of Garden—Gives "Birth"—Removes "Needle."

EASTER NEST-EGGS NEXT PAGE

£1a.: G. Huntley, 39, Albert Palace Mans., Battersea Pk., S.W.11.
To Shorten The War—Spit? Polish? Grit? Policy!

£1a.: H.A. Jackson, 46, Kendal St., Barrow-in-Furness.
Dad's Bit Of Opera—In Bath, "Drowned" Siren!

£1a.: L.A.C. J. Orr, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Sound Of The Bagpipes—Didn't Drown Falling Sixpence!

£1a.: Miss L. Lowe, 54, Seymour St., Carlton Rd., Nottingham.
Goes A Long Way—Mother's Book, Over Counter!

£1a.: E. Williams, 10, Talbot Rd., Old Trafford, Manchester.
Nice To Look At—Baby? Neighbours Admiring From!

A list of 35 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

11 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD 318

WINNING WORDS: 1. Mimic. 2. Plan. 3. Prim. 4. Rate. 5. Sister. 6. Rash. 7. Riot. 8. Quavers. 9. Risk. 10. Kink. 11. Pack. 12. Before. 13. Rise. 14. Placer.

£100 SHARERS: W. G. Bailey, 32, Albion Rd., Sidcup; Shields; H. Bateman, 21, Fosbor Ave., Mitcham; Mrs. Davies, 14, Stanley Rd., Newport, Mon.; Dowling, 36, Aubrey Rd., Bristol; A. C. Hammond, Elwall Rd., Birmingham; Miss M. Kenyon, Lyndale Farm, Heath Charnock, Chorley; T. Lindley, Elm Green, Wilmslow; H. Pennington, 91, Rossall Rd., Blackpool; S. G. Rocks, 83, Llewellyn Rd., Talbot; W. Smith, Alsop Temperance Bar, Birkenhead; L.A.C.W. M. Wood, Somewhere-in-Britain.

Runners-up Awards value £5 shared between 71 Solvers.

Ten plain facts about

VD
Venereal Diseases

"It is very important under present conditions that the public should know of the existence of venereal diseases; their prevalence in war-time; how they are caused; the urgent necessity for early treatment; and where advice and treatment can be obtained."—THE MINISTER OF HEALTH.

1. Venereal Diseases have increased since the war and are still increasing; 70,000 new cases are now occurring yearly among civilians alone. Venereal diseases cause much misery. They bring tragedy into many homes, and considerably damage our war effort by causing reduced efficiency and wasted hours.

2. Ignorance and secrecy are highly dangerous. Only from a plain and frank statement of the facts can we all know what these diseases are, how they are spread, how they can be avoided and how and where they can be cured.

3. The two principal venereal diseases are syphilis and gonorrhœa. They are caused by quite different living organisms or germs.

4. Syphilis is a dangerous, a killing disease. If not treated early and thoroughly by a doctor it can cause serious mutilation, heart disease, paralysis, and insanity. Syphilis can be passed on to an unborn child from its mother and (unless skilled treatment is given early in pregnancy) is one of the causes of blindness, deafness, and mental defects.

5. Gonorrhœa, though not so dangerous to life, is more serious than is generally believed, and is one of the causes of arthritis, sterility, and chronic ill-health.

6. Syphilis and gonorrhœa are almost always contracted through intercourse with an infected person. The germs of these diseases quickly die outside the human body. In practice, therefore, there is no need to fear their spread by accidental infection.

7. Professional prostitutes are not the only source of infection. Any free-and-easy sex behaviour must mean a risk of infection and cannot be made safe. Clean living is the only way to escape infection —abstinence is not harmful.

8. Venereal diseases can be cured if treated *early* by a specialist doctor. Advice and treatment are available at the clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils for the purpose. Treatment is free, confidential and *effective*. Any family doctor or Medical Officer of Health will give the address of the nearest clinic. Quack treatment or self-treatment is absolutely useless and may even be disastrous.

9. Disappearance of the early symptoms does not necessarily mean that the patient has been cured. It is essential to continue the treatment until the doctor says it may be stopped.

10. Anyone who has the slightest reason to suspect infection should seek medical treatment AT ONCE. A doctor or clinic should be consulted immediately about any suspicious sore or unusual discharge. It may not be venereal disease, but it is best to be sure.

These are the signs. The first sign of syphilis is a small ulcer on or near the sex organs. It appears from 10 to 90 days after infection; usually about three weeks. Gonorrhœa first shows itself as a discharge from the sex organs and usually appears from 2 to 10 days after infection.

Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the local Health Department, or from the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. (Phone: Euston 3341).

Issued by The Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education
(V.D.I-23°)

INDIGESTION?
-no thank you!

Two Moorland Tablets are all you need in order to enjoy your meals without fear of indigestion.

Read what this lady writes to us from Cornwall:

"Some weeks back I was given some Moorland Tablets. After taking them I got a supply from my local Chemist. I am pleased to tell you I can now enjoy my food, nothing disagrees with me. I wish I'd heard of them years ago."

(Signed) Mrs. A. L., Launceston.

Moorland Tablets are the best method of warding off indigestion. They are as pleasant to eat as sweets. They bring instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh, etc. At all Chemists, 1/5; also 8½d. (inc. tax)

SUSTAINED EFFORT

Changed conditions have, for many people, resulted in longer hours and harder work. Not infrequently the extra effort demanded causes headaches and muscular aches and pains. Those responsible for the health of workers in war factories have been quick to recognise the merits of 'ANADIN' in alleviating pain and distress. Invaluable also in the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis and the common cold.

1/5 & 2/10 (*inc. Tax*)

ANADIN
TABLETS
FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

CASH and CAKES for EASTER!

£100 FIRST PRIZE £25 50 4lb. FRUIT CAKES one with each prize of £1 or over

Xword No. 318 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.					3p	3p	3p
1 ONE IN THE GRASS MAY BE WELL HIDDEN	S	N	A		E			
2 OUR BAKED FLOWERS DO THIS					L	O	W	
3 THE LOOK OF THIS MAY WELL SUGGEST HOW TO YOU		S	K					
4 THEY PROVIDE FOOD	M	E	A		S			
5 WHAT U-BOAT HERS IS VERY OFTEN THIS			S		I	P		
6 THE FINE HAIRY SUBSTANCE ON THIS LOOKS SMOOTH AND GLOSSY		V	E		V	E	T	
7 ROUGH STORMS WILL BLOW HIM UP	W	A	L		E	R		
8 HER COMMONLY TURN ONE OVER IN THEIR MINDS			B		D			
9 SPRING OFTEN PRODUCES	S	I	N		E	R		
10 IN SOMETIMES HELPED BY PNEUMATIC DEVICE		T	Y		E			
11 ONE MAY WELL CAUSE LOSS OF SHIPPING TO-DAY					A	Y		
12 IT'S DISCONCERTING TO MEET WITH ONE			S		A	R	E	
13 OCCASIONALLY LEADS TO ODDS					O	G		
14 WINTRY WEATHER MAY STILL CAUSE A SUDDEN ONE	S	N	A					

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated April 3d.

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, APRIL 12.

Signed .....

Address .....

223

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated May 1, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

WIN 12,000 PENNIES for YOUR THOUGHTS!

£200 BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE **£50** OTHER AWARDS £20 · £10 · £5 25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES 1000 MORE AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, April 23.

ALL MANKIND WANTS
THE SKY'S THE LIMIT WHEN
LIFE WOULD BE GRAND IF
SEEDS OF DISSENSION
CASE OF HAVING TO
BETWEEN THE ALLIES
DOWN IN THE CELLAR
POOR PEOPLE
AFTER ALL THE FUSS
TAXED TO THE LIMIT
WHAT WE'RE WAITING FOR

BULLETS 1,366 RESULT appear on page 14.

TO A BRAVE MAN
NERVE-RACKING JOB
WENT LIKE CLOCKWORK
IMAGINING THINGS
SWEET LITTLE WIFE
FROM THE HEART
SEVEN DAYS A WEEK
HOT AND BOTHERED
GRANDPA'S ON MUNITIONS,
SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

WHY HITLER'S.....
KEPT IN THE.....
BLACK .....
STEP TOWARDS .....
DETERMINED TO .....
DAD'S IDEA OF.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated April 3d.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, April 12. 1,370

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,370 —or Xword No. 322, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Worth searching for till you find....

FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

2° PER TABLET (1 COUPON) *cleans... and protects*

PH 66-861 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

Aching Backs

"Every Picture tells a Story"

may be warnings of excess uric acid and harmful wastes left in the blood by Lazy Kidneys

DO PAINS strike across the small of the back? Are you afraid to bend or straighten afterwards? Do you feel tired, nervy and depressed? Is the urine disordered and your rest disturbed? Do weather changes bring on rheumatic twinges? These are all symptoms which Doan's Backache Kidney Pills successfully combat, since they frequently arise from sluggish kidney action.

Doan's Pills succeed in bringing back ease and comfort because they stimulate and flush out the kidney filters, so helping them to regain normal, natural activity.

Backache, lumbago, rheumatic complaints and urinary troubles disappear when the impurities which cause them are expelled from the system by healthy kidney and bladder action.

1/5, 3/5 (inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills

Cuthberts TOMATO PLANTS

Thousands of gardeners picked abundant crops of Tomatoes last year from CUTHBERT'S FAMOUS OUTDOOR TOMATO PLANTS and many reported over 100lbs. of this health giving food from 12 plants. Thousands more can share in this success.

We believe CUTHBERT'S "SENSATION" Tomato Plants are the finest variety raised, vigorous growers, heavy croppers, disease resistant and trouble free.

We are now booking orders for May and June delivery. Strong individually POT GROWN PLANTS, 7/6d. doz., post 9d., 3 doz. 22 6d., carriage paid. State whether outdoor or greenhouse variety required.

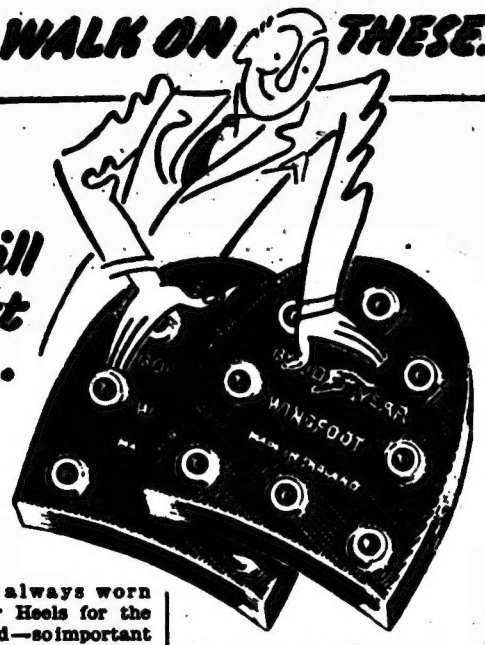
R. & G. CUTHBERT, 42, Cuth's Oak, Herts.
The Nation's Nurserymen since 1797.

HOW TO END INDIGESTION

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Stomach Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3 and 5/7½. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax.) Only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

IF YOU WALK ON "THESE.."



this will interest you...

You who have always worn Goodyear Rubber Heels for the sake of comfort and—so important—economy, may wonder what Goodyear heels will be like now that they're being made of regenerated rubber. Or didn't you know about that?

Yes, the rubber supply position is so acute that to-day *no* heels may be made except of regenerated rubber. But *you* score by this, for it means you can still have the relatively great economy of Goodyear heels without using raw materials needed for the war effort.

Remember—Goodyear, the largest producers of rubber products in the world, are at a special advantage in making heels of regenerated rubber, in that they can bring to bear on the problem quite unequalled experience, manufacturing skill and resources in war-time. And it is still true to say that Goodyear heels will give you the utmost satisfaction it is possible to obtain. So tell your repairers to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR

Son suggests mother takes

Fynnon Salt

for her rheumatism

"I used to get terrible pain and was once taken to Hospital . . . as I lost the use of my legs," writes Mrs. M. B. *"Well, I started taking Fynnon Salt. I now cycle to work in a Sub-Post Office, standing on my feet the whole of the day. . . . My son, now in the Middle East, made me try Fynnon and this is his reward in me having strength to carry on."*

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the blood-stream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and sciatica. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.* Get yourself a tin today!

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex

Iron for Attack

That length of piping standing idle in the shed, that flat-iron nobody uses, will soon be *attacking the enemy* if you send it *now* to be made into armaments. Every ounce of iron-strength, *every scrap of iron you can salvage*, is needed to aid the United Nations turn Defence into Attack, and Attack into overwhelming Victory.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining Iron 'Jelloids' which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price includes Purchase Tax.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

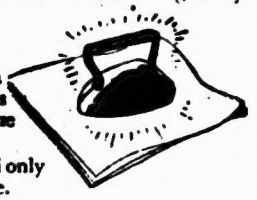
How to look after RAYONS

Rayon is a hard-wearing material, but knowing how to give the right care and attention to your rayon garments—especially when washing and ironing them—will make all the difference to the way they last. *This is what to do:*

When Washing—

1 Never have the water too hot, and be sure all soap is thoroughly dissolved before you begin.
2 Before you cover the whole garment in the soapy water, wash out any very dirty marks.
3 As dirt usually stays on the *surface* of rayon, hard rubbing is unnecessary. Never handle rayon roughly.
4 Rinse well in more than one water to get rid of every trace of soap. After the final rinsing, squeeze the material, then fold it in a towel to dry off the excess moisture.
5 When hanging anything to dry, distribute the weight evenly. It is better to hang a dress over a line than to peg it.
6 Garments having more than one colour should be hung to dry at once and never left bunched up.

When Ironing—



1 Test your iron by standing it on a pad of paper. If a scorch mark shows within fifteen to twenty seconds, the iron is too hot.
2 Always iron on the wrong side and only iron one thickness of fabric at a time.
3 Make sure that seams are pressed thoroughly dry. Otherwise they may shrink and pull the garment out of shape (shoulder pads should be removed before washing).
4 Never *sprinkle* rayon fabrics, it makes them look patchy. If they have become too dry, rinse them again and iron them while they are still slightly damp.

ARP Instant FIRST AID FOR SKIN INJURIES

Cuticura Ointment brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents infection, quickly heals. At all Chemists & Stores,

Cuticura OINTMENT

Specify

REDI-BILT INTERLININGS

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR NEXT SUIT

AND KEEP YOUR SUIT IN BETTER SHAPE

Expressions of Satisfaction

"It's a piece of Cake!"

That's a phrase they have in the R.A.F.—and what an apt one—when everything works out according to plan—when everyone's satisfied. For what is more satisfying than a piece of cake? Made from wholesome ingredients, cake is a valuable food in war time.

CAKE & BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS WAR-TIME ALLIANCE LTD

A piece of Cake is satisfying

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